THE DVMBE KNIGHT.

AN HISTORICALL COMEDY

Acted sundry times by the Children of his *Maiesties Revells.*



LONDON
Printed by *A. M.* for WILLIAM SHEARES,
and are to be sold at his shoppe in Chancery-
Lane, neere Serieants Inne.
1633.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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1633.

To the Vnderstanding Reader.

RVMOVR, that Hydra headed Monster, with more tongues then eyes, by help of his intelligencer Envy hath made strange misconstructions on this dumbe Knight, which then could not answere for himselfe; but now this publication doth unty his tongue, to answere the objections of all sharpe Criticall censures, which heretofore have undeservedly past upon him. And for my part (I protest) the wrongs I have received by some (whose worths I will not traduce) with a mild neglect I have laught at their follies; for I thinke my selfe happy, because I have beene envyed, since the best now in grace have bin subject to some slanderous tongues that want worth themselves, and thinke it great praise to them to detract praise from other that deserue it; yet having a partner in the wrong, whose worth hath bin often approoued, I count the wrong but halfe a wrong, because he knowes best how to answere for himselfe: But I now in his absence, make this Apology, both for him and me. Thus leauing you and the booke together, I euer rest yours.

LEVVES MACHIN

Dramatis Personæ

MEN

King of Cyprus
Philocles his Favourite, & dumb Knight
Duke of Epire
Alphonso
Florio
Meshant
Velours } Courtiers, & Clients to Prate
Draps
Prate an Orator
President his Clerk
Calio, Marshal for & Queen
Chip & Shaving, Carpenters
Heralds, Watchmen, Phisitian &
Gentelman Usher, Executioner &c

WOMEN

Queen of Sicile
Mariana, her Companion, & Sister
to & Duke of Epire
Lollia, wife to & Orator
Collaquintida, a Bawd
Ladies waiting on & Queen
waiting maid &c

Queen Sicile



Act. 1. Sce. 1. Musicke.

Enter the King of Cypres, Phyloclas, Floria, and attendants in armes.

Cypres.

INough, these loud sounds deafes my passions,
How long shall love make me a slave to hope,
And mixe my calme desires with tyranny?
O *Phyloclas* 'tis heresie I hold,
Thought and affection cannot be controld.

Phy. Yet may't be bent and suppled with extreames,
Sith few dare see the end of violence;
What makes the skilfull Leech to vse the fire,
Or warre her engines, or states policie,
But to recover things most desperate?
Revolt is recreant, when pursuit is brave,
Never to faint doth purchase what we crave.

Cyp. True my *Phyloclas*, yet my recreant soule,
Slaved to her beauty, would renounce all warre,
And yeeld her right to love, did not thy spirit
Mixt with my longing, fortifie these armes.
But I am now resolv'd, and this sad houre
Shall give an end to my distemperature.
Summon a parley.

Enter aloft, the Queene of Sicile, the Duke of Epire, Alphonso, and attendants.

Queene. What saies our tyrant suter, our disease in love,
That makes our thoughts a slave unto his sword?
What sayes my Lord?

Cypr. Madame attend me, this is my lateſt ſummons,
The many ſunnes my ſorrowes have beheld,
And my ſad nights of longings, all through hope,
T'enioy the joy of earth, (your owne deare ſelfe)
Are growne ſo infinite in length and waight,
That like to wearied *Atlas*, I inforce
Theſe warres as *Hercules*, to beare my loade:
Briefly I muſt enioy you, or elſe looſe
The breath of life, which to prevent, behold,
My ſword muſt be my *Cupid*, and with feathered ſteele,
Force pitty from your breaſt, your Cities walles,
Chidden with my Canons, have ſet ope a path
And boldly bids me enter, all your men of warre,
Feebled with Famine, and a weary ſiege,
Take danger from mine actions, onely your ſelfe,
Strong in your will, oppoſe even deſtinie:
And like the Giants warre offend the heavens.
Which to prevent, doe but deſcend and give
Peace to my love-ſuit, and as orecome thereby,
Ile yeeld my ſelfe your priſoner, and be drawne
A thrall in your triumphant victory.
If otherwiſe, behold theſe fatall ſwords,
Shall never be ſheath'd, till we be conquerors:
And not reſpecting innocence nor ſexe,
The cryes of infants, nor the prayers of age.
All things ſhall periſh, till within my armes
I fold your ſelfe my thrall and conquerour.

Qu. Thou maiſt be maſter of my bodies Tombe,
But for my ſoule and mind, they are as free
As their creation: and with Angels wings
Can ſoare beyond thy reach; truſt mee King of *Cypres*,
Thoſe coales the Roman *Portia* did devoure,
Are not burnt out, nor have th'Egyptian wormes
Yet loſt their ſtings, ſteele holds his temper ſtill,
And theſe are ranſomes from captivitie.
But art thou Noble, haſt thou one Royall thought?

Cypr. Approue me by your question.
Queene. Then briefly thus:
To shunne the great effusion of their bloods,
Who feele no touch in mine affections,
Dare you to single combate, two to two,
Referre your right in love?
Cyp. Who are your combatants? we love equality.
Queene. This is the first, the *Epyre* Duke, a man,
Sprung from the line of famous *Scanderbag*:
The next *Alphonso*, sprung from noble blood:
Who laden with rich Lusitanian prize,
Hath rode through *Syracusa* twice in pompe.
Cyp. Their likings to the motion
Ep. They are like wrath,
Never unarm'd to beate weake iniury.
Alph. Nay more, we are the sonnes of destiny:
Vertu's our guide, our ayme is dignity.
Phy. S'foot King, shalt not forsake them; this I see,
Love, fight, and death, are rul'd by destiny.
Cyp. My spirit speakes thy motion,
Madame, although advantage might evade,
And give my love more hope, yet my best will,
Bowd to your pleasure, doth embrace your law,
We doe accept the combate, and our selfe
Will with that Duke try fortunes, this my friend,
The more part of my selfe, my deerest *Philocles*,
One of an Angels temper, shall with that Lord
Trie best and worst, the place, the time, the sword.
Epi. They are your rights, we claime as challengers.
Cyp. And we would lose that vantage, but since fame
Makes vertue dulat, we embrace our rights:
The place before these walles, the houre next sunne,
The Pollax and the hand axe for the fight.
Queene. It is enough,
My hostage is my person and my love.
Cyp. And mine my hope, my faith and royaltie.

They

Epy. They are of poyse sufficient, and one light
Shall at one instant give us day and night.
Exeunt Queene, Mariano, Alphonso.

Cyp. Shee's gone my *Philocles*: and as she goes, even so
The Sunne forsakes the Heavens to kisse the sea,
Day in her beautie leaves us, and me thinkes,
Her absence doth exile all happinesse.
Tell me my *Philocles*, may pray thee tell me true,
Even from that love
Which to us both should bend one Sympathy:
Discharge an open breast, dost thou not thinke,
Shee is the mirrour of her beauteous sexe;
Vnparalleld, and uncompanioned.
Phi. Enuy will say shee's rare, then truth must vow,
Shee is beyond compare, sith in her lookes
Each motion hath a speaking Majestie;
Shee is her selfe, compared with her selfe:
For but her selfe, she hath no companion.
But when I thinke of beauty, wit and grace,
The elements of active delicacy,
Those all eye-pleasing harmonies of sight
Which doe inchaunt mens fancies, and stirre up
The life-blood of dull earth, O then me thinkes,
Faire *Mariana* hath an equall place
And if not outshine, it shewes more beautifull.
Cyp. More then my Queene?
Phi. More in the glosse of beauty, lesse in worth,
Of wisedome and great thoughts, the one I find
Was made for wonder, th'other for admire.
Cyp. Thine equall praises makes my fancies rich:
And I am pleas'd with thy comparisons,
Things of like nature live in best consent,
Beautie with subiects, maiestie with Kings.
Then let those two *Ideas* lively moue
Spirit, beyond all spirit, in our breasts.

That in the end of our great Victory,
We may attaine both love and Maieſtie.
Phy. Although my firſt creation and my birth,
My thoughts and other tempers of my ſoule
Tooke all their noble beings from the ſword,
And made me only for the uſe of warres,
Yet in this combate, ſomething me thinkes appears,
Greater then greateſt glory, and doth raiſe
My mind beyond her ſelfe:
S'foot me thinkes *Cæſars* Pharſalia,
Nor *Scipios* Carthage, nor *Emilias* acts
Were vvorthy chaires of triumph, they ore mens
Poore mangled bodies, and fire-waſted climes
Made their triumphant paſſage, but we tvvo
Muſt conquer thoughts and love, more then the gods can doe.
Cyp. True, and therein
Conſiſts the glorious garland of our praiſe,
But we neglect th'affaires of preparation. *Florio* bee it your charge
To ſee th'erection of the ſquared liſts,
Fit ground for either army, and what elſe,
Belongs unto ſuch royall eminence.
Flo. How neere will your Maieſties hand the liſts extend
Vnto the City walles?
Cyp. So as the dulleſt eie
May ſee the heedfulleſt paſſage in the fight.
Flo. What ſquare or circuit?
Cyp. Threeſcore pace each way.
Flo. Your Maieſtie ſhall have your will perform'd.
Phy. Doe, and you doe us grace; and now thou Sun,
That art the eye of Heaven, whoſe pure light
Shall be our guide, and *Ioves* great Chronicler,
Looke from thy ſpheare,
No guilt of pride, of malice or of blood,
Puts on our armour, only pure naked love
Tutors our hopes, and doth our actions move.
Cyp. Enough my *Philocles*, thine orizons are heard.

Come lets away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lollia, the Wife of Prate the Orator.

Lol. Now fy upon't, who would be an Orators wife, & not a gentlewoman if she could chuse? a Lady is the most sweet lascivious life conies and kisses, the tyre, O the tyre, made castell upon castell, jewell upon iewell, knot upon knot, crownes, garlands, gardens & what not? the hood, the rebato, the french fall, the loose bodied gown, the pin in the haire, now clawing the pate, then picking the teeth, and every day change, when we poore soules must come and goe for every mans pleasure, and what's a Lady more then another body, we have legs and hands, and rouling eyes, hanging lips, sleeke browes, cherry cheeks, and other things as Ladies have, but the fashion carries it away.

Enter Mistresse Collaquintida.

Col. Why how now Mistresse *Prate*? i'th old disease still, will it never be better, cannot a woman find one kind man amongst twentie? O the dayes that I have seene, when the law of a womans wit could have put her husbands purse to execution.

Lol. O Mistresse *Collaquintida*, mine is even the unnaturallest man to his wife.

Col. Faith for the most part, all schollers are so, for they take so upon them to know all things, that indeed they know nothing, and besides, they are with study and ease, grown so unweldy, that a woman shall nere want a sore stomacke that's troubled with them.

Lol. And yet they must have the government of all.

Col. True, and great reason they have for it, but a wise man will put it in a womans hand, what? sheel'e save what he spends.

Lol. You have a pretty ruffe, how deepe is it?

Col. Nay this is but shallow, mary I have a ruffe is a quarter deep, measured by the yeard.

Lol. Indeed, by the yeard?

Col. By the standard I assure you: you have a pretty set too, how big is the steele you set with?

Lol. As big as a reasonable sufficient pitty of my life, I have forgot my selfe, if my husband should rise from his study, and misse me, we should have such a coile.

Col. A coile, why what coile? if he were my husband & did but thwart me, I would ring him so many alarums, sound him so many brasse trumpets, beat him so many drums to his confusion, and thunder him such a peale of great shot, that I would turne his braine in the pan, and make him mad with an eternall silence.

Lol. O Mistresse *Colloquintida*, but my husbands anger is the worst favouredst without all conscience of any mans in all *Sicilie*, he is even as peevish as a sicke Munkie, and as waspish as an ill pleas'd bride the second morning.

Col. Let your wrath bee reciprocall, and pay him at his owne weapon: but to the purpose for which I came, the party you wote of, commends him to you in this diamond, he that met the party you know, and said the parties party was a party of a partly pretty understanding.

Lol O the Lord, *Alphonso*.

Co. The very same beleeve it, he loves you, & sweares he so loues you, that if you doe not credit him, you are worse then an infidell.

Lo, Indeed Mistresse *Colloquintida*, he hath the right garbe for apparell, the true touch with the tongue in the kisse, & he dances well but falles heavily: but my husband woman, my husband, if we could put out his cats eyes, there were something to be sayd, but they are ever peeping and prying, that they are able to pierce through a milstone: besides, I may say to you, he is a little jealous too, and see where he comes, we shall have a coile now.

Enter Prate the Orateur.

Col. Begin you to pout first, for thats a womans prevention.

Pra. What *Lollia* I say, where are you, my house lookes you, my men lacke you, I seeke you, and a whole quest of inquirie cannot find you, fie, fie, fie, fie, Idlenesse is the whip of thrift, a good huswife should ever be occupied.

Lol. Indeed I have much joy to be occupied in any bodies companie.

Prate. Why, whats the matter?

Lo. Why Orators wiues shortly will be knowen like images on water stairs, ever in one weatherbeaten suite, as if none wore hoods but Monks and Ladies, nor feathers but fore-horses & waiting gen-

tlewomen, nor chaines but prisoners and Lords Officers, nor Perriwigs, but Players and hotte braines, but the weakest must to the walles still.

Prate. Goe to, you shall have what you will.

Lo. Nay, nay, twas my hard fortune to be your wife, time was I might have done otherwise, but it matters not, you esteeme me as you doe your selfe, and thinke all things costly enough that covers shame, and that a paire of silken foresleeves to a sattin brestplate, is a garment good enough for a Capitoll: but is master *Wrangle*, master *Tangle*, or master *Trobleare* of that opinion? in faith sir no.

Ther's never a gallant in our state
That goes more rich in gavvdy bravery:
And yet I hope for quality of speech,
Audacious words, or quirks or quiddities,
You are not held their much inferiour,
Fy, fie, I am asham'd to see your baseneese.

Col. Indeed master *Prate* she tells you truely; I wonder that you being a proper man and an Orator will not goe brave, according to the customs of the Country.

Prate. Go to neighbour, he that will rise to the toppe of a high ladder, must go up, not leape up: but be patient wench, & thou shalt shortly seeme gallant it with the best, and for thy selfe my *Lolia*,
Not *Lollia Paulina*, nor those blazing starres,
Which makes the World the Apes of *Italy*,
Shall match thy selfe in sun-bright splendency.

Lo. Nay, verily for my selfe I care not, tis you that are my pride, if you would goe like your selfe I were appeal'd.

Prate. Beleeve it wench so I will, but to the purpose for which I came, the end of this great war is now brought to a combat, two to two, the Duke of *Epyre* and *Alphonso* for our Queene against the King and Prince *Philocles*: now wench if thou wilt go see the fight, I will send and provide thee of a good standing.

Lo. Indeed, for you have here a good one of your owne.

Prate. What, *President* I say?

Pres. Anon, anon sir.

Prate.

Prate. Why then I say, the villaines belly is like a bottomlesse pit, ever filling and yet emptie, at your leasure sir.

Enter President, Prates man eating.

Pre. I can make no more haste then my teeth will give mee leave.

Prate. Well sir, get you without the towne, to the place for the combate, and provide me for my wife some good standing, to see the conflict.

Pre. How master how, must I provide a good standing for you for my Mistresse? truly Master I thinke a *Mary*-bone pie, candi'd eringoes, preserved dates, or marmalad of cantharides were much better harbingers, cock-sparrowes stew'd, doves braines or Swans pizels are very provocative, roasted potatoes, or boil'd skerrets are your only lofty dishes, me thinkes these should fit you better then I can doe.

Prate. Whats this, whats this I say? provide me a standing for my wife upon a scaffold.

Pre. And truly Master, I thinke a private chamber were better.

Prate. I grant you if there were a chamber convenient.

Pre. Willing minds will make shift in a simple hole, close windowes, strong lockes, hard bed and sure posts, are your onely ornaments.

Prate. I thinke the knave be madde, sirra you chop Logicke, blockhead, you that have your braine panne made of dry leather, and your wit ever wetshod: packe about your businesse, or Ile packe your pen and Inkhorne about your eares.

Pre. Well Sir, I may go or so, but would my mistresse take a standing of my preferment, I would so mount her, shee should love strange things the better all her life after.

Prate. Why when sir.

Exit President.

And come sweete wife, nay neighbor let us have your companie too:

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter at one doore a Herald, and Floria Marshall for the King, with officers bearing the lists, at the other doore a Herald and Cœlio Marshall for the Queene.

Cœlio. Holla, what are you?
Flo. High marshall for the King, your character.
Cœlio. I likewise for the Queene, where lies your equall ground?
Flo. Here underneath these walles, and there and there ground for the battailes.
Cœ. Place there the Queenes seate,
And there and there chaires for the combatants.
Flo. Place here the lists, fixe every joynt as strong
As 'twere a wall, for on this foote of earth
This day shall stand two famous monuments,
The one a throne of glory bright as gold,
Burnisht with Angels luster, and with starres,
Pluckt from the crowne of conquest, in which shall sit
Men made halfe gods through famous Victory:
The other a rich tombe of memorable fame,
Built by the curious thoughts of noble mindes,
In which shall sleepe these valiant soules in peace,
Whom Fortunes hand shall only overthrow.
Heaven in thy palme, this day the ballance hings,
Which makes Kings gods, or men more great then Kings.
Cœ. So now let the Heraulds give the champions signe
Of ready preparations. *Exeunt Heralds*

The Cornets sound, and enter at one end of the Stage a Herald, two Pages, one with Pollaxes, the other with hand axes, the Duke of Epyre, and Alphonso like combatants, the Queene and Mariana and Prate, Lollia, Coloquintida, and President aloft.

Flo. What are you that appeare, and what devoyre
Drawes you within these lists?
Epy. I am the Duke of Epyre, and the mine
Which doth attract my spirit to runne this marshall course

Is the faire guard of a distressed Queene,
Would wedde to hate and in equality and bruitish force
Which to withstand I boldly enter thus,
And will defaile, or else prove recreant.

Flo. And what are you or your intendements?

Alph. I am *Alphonso* marshall of this Realme,
Who of like tempered thoughts and like desires,
Have grounded this my sanctimonious zeale,
And will approve the Dukes assertions,
Or in this field lie slaine and recreant.

Flo. Enter and prosper as your cause deserves.

The Cornets sound, and enter at the other end of the stage a Herald, two Pages with axes and pollaxes, then the King of Cypres, and Philocles, like combatants and their army.

Cæ. What are you that appeare, and what devoyre
Drawes you within these lists?

Cy. I am the King of *Cypres*, who led on
By the divine instinct of heavenly love,
Come with my sword to beg that royall maid,
And to approve by gift of heaven and fate
Shee is alone to mee appropriate:
Which to maintaine I challenge entrance here,
Where I will live a King or recreant.

Cæ. And what are you or your intendements?

Phi. I am lesse then my thoughts, more then my selfe,
Yet nothing but the creature of my fate,
By name my nature onely is obscur'd,
And yet the World baptized me *Philocles*,
My entrance here is proofe of holy zeale,
And to maintaine that, no severe disdaine,
False shape of chastitie, nor womans will,
Neglective petulance, or uncertaine hope,
Foule vizard coynesse, nor seducing fame
Should rob the royall temper of true loue

From

From the desired ayme of his desires,
Which my best bloud shal witnesse, or this field
Intombe my body made a recreant.
Ce. Enter and prosper as your cause deserves. *Drawes 2. swords.*
Flo. Princes lay your hands on these swords points.
Here you shall sweare by hope, by heaven, by *Iove*;
And by the right you challenge in true fame,
That here you stand not arm'd with any guile,
Malignant hate, or usurpation
Of philters charmes, of nightspels characters,
Or other blacke infernall vantages,
But even with thoughts as pure
As your pure values, or the sunnes pure beames,
T'approve the right of pure affection;
And howsoere your fortunes rise or fall,
To breake no faith in your conditions,
So helpe you *Iove*.
All. We sweare.
Qu. How often doth my maiden thoughts correct
And chide my froward vvill, for this extreame
Pursuit of blood! beleeve me, faine I would
Recall mine oathes vow, did not my shame
Hold fast my crueltie, by which is taught
Those gems are prized best, are deerest bought.
Sleepe my loves softnesse then, waken my flame,
Which guards a vestal sanctitie; Princes behold,
Vpon those weapons sits my god of love,
And in their powers my loves severity.
If them you conquer, we are all your slaves,
If they triumph, weele mourne upon your graves.
Ma. Now by my maiden modesty I wish
Good fortune to that *Philocles*, my minde
Presages vertue, in his eaglets eyes.
S'foot he lookes like a sparrow-hauke, or a wanton fire
A flash of lightning, or a glimpse of day,
His eye steales to my heart, and lets it see.

More then it would, peace blabbe, no ſecreſie,
He muſt have blowves.
Flo. Sound cornets, Princes reſpect your guards,

Here they fight, and Philocles overthrowes Alphonſo, and Epire overthrowes Cypres.

Phi. I crave the Queens conditions, or this blow
Sends this afflicted ſoule to heaven or hell.
Speake Madame, will you yeeld or ſhall hee die?
Epy. Neither bold Prince, if thou but touch a haire,
The Kings breath ſhall redeeme it: madame your love
Is ſafe in Angels guarding, let no feare
Shake hands with doubtfullneſſe, you are as ſafe
As in a tower of Diamonds.
Phi. O 'tis but glaſſe,
And cannot beare this axes maſſineſſe,
Duke thy brave words that ſecond thy brave deeds,
Fills me with emulation, onely wee two
Stand equall victors; then if thou haſt that tie
And bond of well knit valour, which vnites
Vertue and fame together, let us reſtore
Our captives unto freedome, and we two,
In ſingle combate trie out the maſtery.
Where who ſo falles, each other ſhall ſubſcribe
To every clauſe in each condition.
Epy. Thou art the Index of my ample thought,
And I am pleas'd with thine election.
Speake madame, if ever I deſerved grace,
Grace me with your conſent.
Qu. 'Tis all my will.
Thy noble hand erect and perfit me.
Phi. What ſayes his Majeſtie?
My ſtarres are writ in heaven, nor death nor fate
Are ſlaves to feare, to hope or humane ſtate.
Cyp. I neither feare thy fortune nor my ruine;
But hold them all beyond all propheſie.

Thou haſt my free conſent, and on thy power
Lies my lives date or my deaths hower.
Epy. Then riſe and live with ſafetie.
Phy. *Alphonſo*, here my hand,
Thy fortune lends thy peace no infamy.
And novv thou glorious iſſue of *Ioves* braine,
That burnt the *Telamonian* Raviſher,
Looke from thy ſpheare, and if my heart containe
An impure thought of luſt, ſend thy monſters foorth
And make me more then earthly miſerable.

Here the Cornets ſound, they fight, and Philocles overcomes the Duke, the Queene defends.

Phi. Yeld, recant or die.
Epi. Thine axe hath not the power to vvound my thought,
And yeelds, a vvord my tongue could never ſound,
I ſay th'art worthy valiant, for my death,
Let the Queene ſpeake it, tis an eaſie breath.
Qu. Not for the worlds large circuit, hold gentle Prince,
Thus I doe pay his ranſome, lowe as the ground,
I tender mine unſpotted virgin love,
To thy great willes commandement, let not my care
My woman tyranny, or too ſtrict guard,
In bloodie purchaſe take away thoſe ſvveets
Till now have govern'd your amaz'd deſires:
For truſt me King I vvill redeeme my blame,
With as much love, as *Philocles* hath fame.
Cy. Thus comes a calme unto a Sea-wract ſoule,
Eaſe to the pained, food unto the ſtaru'd,
As you to mee my beſt creation.
Truſt me my Queene, my loves large Chronicle
Thou never ſhalt ore-read, becauſe each day
It ſhall beget new matter of amaze,
And live to doe thee graee eternally.
Next whom my *Philocles* my bounteous friend,

Author of life, and ſoveraigne of my loue,
My heart ſhall be thy throne, thy breaſt the ſhrine,
Where I will ſit to ſtudy grateſulneſſe
To you, and you my Lords, my beſt of thoughts,
Whoſe loues have ſhew'd a dutious careſulneſſe,
To all, free thankes and graces, this vnitie
Of loue and Kingdomes, is a glorious ſight.
Mount up the royall Champion, muſicke and Cornets ſound,
Let ſhouts and cries make heaven and earth rebound *Exeunt.*

Epy. Hovv like the ſunnes great baſtard ore the World,
Rides this man mounted engine, this proud Prince
And with his breath ſindges our continents.
Sit faſt proud *Phaeton*, for by heauenile kicke
And plunge thee in the ſea: if thou'lt needes ride,
Thou ſhouldſt have made thy ſeat upon a ſlave,
And not upon mine honours firmament.
Thou haſt not heard the God of vviſedomes tale,
Nor can thy youth curbe greatneſſe, till my hate,
Confound thy life with villaine policie.
I am reſolv'd ſince vertue hath diſdain'd
To cloath me in her riches, henceforth to proue
A villaine fatall, blacke and ominous:
Thy vertue is the ground of my diſlike:
And my diſgrace, the edge of envies ſword,
Which like a raſor ſhall unplume thy creſt;
And rob thee of thy native excellence,
When great thoughts give their homage to diſgrace
There's no reſpect of deedes, time, thoughts or place,

Act. 2. Sce. 1: Muſicke.

Enter Prate, Lollia, Colloquintida, and Preſident.

Prate.

COme wife, me thought our partie ſtood ſtiffelie to it.

Pre. Indeed they were ſtiffe whilſt they ſtood, but when they

were downe, they were like men of a low vvorld, a man might have vvound their vvorſt anger about his finger.

Lol. Go too ſirra, you muſt have your ſooles bolt in every bodies quiver.

Pre. Indeed miſtreſſe, if my maſter ſhould breake his arrowe vvith foule ſhooting or ſo, I would bee glad if mine might ſupplie the vvhole.

Prate. I find you kind ſir.

Pre. True ſir, according to my kinde, and to pleaſure my kinde Miſtreſſe.

Prate. Go to ſirra, I will not have your kindneſſe to intermeddle vvith her kind, ſhe is meate for your maſter.

Pre. And your man ſir, may licke your foule trencher.

Col. I but not eate of his mutton.

Pre. Yet I may dip my bread in the wool, Miſtres *Colloquintida.*

Prate. Go to ſirra, you will be obſcene, and then I ſhall knocke you; but to the combate, mee thought our ſide were the more proper men.

Lol. True, and therefore they had the vvorſe fortune: but ſee here is the Lord *Florio.* *Enter Florio.*

Flo. Maſter Orator, it is the King and Queenes Majeſties pleaſure, that you preſently repaire unto the Court, touching the dravving out of certaine Articles for the benefite of both the kingdomes.

Prate. My Lord, I vvill inſtantly attend their Majeſties.

Flo. Doe, for they expect you ſeriouſly. *Exit Florio.*

Prate. Wife you can have my ſervice no longer. Sirra, *Preſident,* attend you upon your miſtreſſe home: and vvife, I vvould have you to hold your journey directly homevvard, and not to imitate Princes in their progreſſe, ſteppe not out of your way to viſit a new Goſſip, to ſee a nevv garden houſe, to ſmell the perfumes of Court Ierkins, or to handle other tooles then may fitte for your modeſtie: I vvould not have you to ſteppe into the Suburbs, and acquaint your ſelfe either vvith Monſters or motions, but holding your way directly homeward, ſhevv your ſelfe ſtill to bee a rare huſwife

Lol.

Lol. I'faith, I'faith, your blacke out-side will hive a yellow li ning.

Prate. Content thee vvife, t s but my love that gives thee good counsaile. But here comes one of my clients.

Enter Drap a Country Gentleman.

Drap. Sir, master Orator, I am bold to trouble you about my suit.

Prat. Sir, Mr. country gentleman, I am now for present busines of (the Kngs.

Dra. You may the better remember me.

Pra. Hey day, I shall mixe your businesse with the Kings.

Dra. No but you may let his Majestie know my necessity.

Pra. Sir, sir, you must not confine me to your seasons, I tell you I will collect mine owne leasures.

Enter Veloups a Citizen.

Ve. Master Orator, is it your pleasure I attend you about my dispatches?

Pra. Sir, it is my pleasure you dispatch your selfe from mine incumbrance, I tell you I am for instant businesse of the Kings.

Ve. Sir, I have borne my attendance long.

Pra. Beare it till your bones ake, I tell you I cannot beare it now, I am for new businesse.

Dra. Ve. Yet the old would be dispatcht, it was first paid for.

Pra. If you be gentlemen doe not make me mad.

Dra. Ve. Sir, our suits are of great waight.

Pra. If you bee Christians doe not make me an Athiest, I shall prophane if you vexe me thus. *Enter the Lord Mechant.* What more vexation? my Lord, my Lord, save your breath for your broth, I am not now at leasure to attend you.

Me. A word good Master Orator.

Pra. Not a word I beseech your Lordship, I am for the Kings businesse, you must attend me at my chamber. *Exit Pra.*

Me. Dra. Ve. And every where else, we will not leave you. *Exeunt.*

Pre. Now me thinkes my master is like a horse-lech, and these sutors so many sicke of the gout, that come to have him sucke their blood: O t'is a mad world.

Lol. Goe to sirra, you will never leave your crabtree similies;

but pitty of me, who have we here, *Enter Alphonso.*
O 'tis the Lord *Alphonso.*

Alph. Mistresse God save: nay your lip I am a stranger and how doth Mistresse *Colloquintida*, O you are an excellent seasoner of city stomackes.

Col. Faith my Lord I have done my best to make somebody relish your sweet meates; but hearke you my Lord, I have strucke the stroake, I have done the deed, there wants nothing but time, place, and her consent.

Alph. Call you that nothing?

Col. A trifle, a trifle, upon her, upon her my Lord, she may seeme a little rough at the first; but if you stand stifly to her, shee'le fall: a word with you Master *President.* *They whisper.*

Alph. Mistresse *Prate*, I am a souldier, and can better act my love then speake it, my suit you know by your neighbour, my love you shall prove by my merit, to both which my tokens have bene pettie witnesses, and my bodie shall seale and deliver upon thee such a brave confirmation, that not all the Orators in *Sicilie* shall be able to cancell the deed.

Lol. Truely my Lord, met hinkes you being witty should be honest.

Alph. Nay wench, if I were a foole, there's no question but I would be honest; But to the purpose, say wench, shall I enioy, shal I possesse?

Lol. To enioy my love, is not to possesse my body.

Alph. Tut wench, they be wordes of one signification, and can not be separated.

Lol. Nay then I should wrong my husband.

Alph. S'foot, thou should'st but doe for him as he does for the whole world, why an Orator were a needlesse name, if it were not to defend wrong: then wench, do as he doth, write by a president.

Lol. O my Lord, I have a husband.
A man whose waking jealousie survives,
And like a Lion, sleepes with open eyes;
That not a minute of mine houres are free
From the intelligence of his secret spies.
I am a very coward *Danae*

Thorow

Thorovv whoſe roofe ſuſpicion will not let,
Gold ſhowers have paſſage, nor can I deceiue,
His *Argus* eies, with any policie:
And yet I ſweare I love you.
Al. Death of affection, if thou lou'ſt me, as thou ſaieſt thou doſt,
Thou canſt invent ſome meanes for our delight.
The rather ſith it ever hath beene ſaid,
That vvalles of braſſe withſtand not willing mindes:
And women when th'are prone make love admir'd:
For quaint indeavours, come inſtruct thy wit:
And finde ſome ſcale to our hie height of bliſſe.
Lol. Then briefliе thus my Lord.
To morrow doth the Senate ſit to judge.
Cauſes both criminall and of the ſtate;
Where of neceſsitie my huſbands place,
Muſt be fild by himſelfe, becauſe his tongue,
Muſt guild his clients cauſes. Now if you pleaſe,
All that ſelfe houre, when he is turmoil'd,
About thoſe ſerious trifles, to vouchſafe
To viſit me, his abſence and my care
Shall give us liberty of more delight.
You know my meaning, and I am aſham'd,
My loue ſhould thus betray my modeſtie;
But make the uſe according to your fancie.
Alph. What houre aſſures his abſence?
Lol. Eight is the lateſt time.
Alph. This kiſſe leave my faith with thee, farewel.
Th'aſt given me double glory from thy breath,
Nothing ſhall loſe me time but certaine death. *Exit Alph.*
Pre. Truely miſtreſſe *Colloquintida*, you are an excellent piece of ſweet gall.
Lol. Well ſir, will you lead the way homeward?
Pre. To your bed-chamber miſtreſſe, or your privie lodging?
Exeunt.

Enter Philocles alone.

Phi. Night clad in blacke, mournes for the loſſe of day,

And

And hides the silver spangles of the ayre,
That not a sparke is left to light the world,
Whilst quiet sleepe the nourisher of life
Takes full possession on mortalitie.
All creatures take their rest in soft repose
Save malecontents, and we accursed lovers,
Whose thoughts perturbed, makes us passions slave:
And robs us of the iuice of happinesse.
Deere *Mariana*, shapt in an Angels mould,
Thou thral'st my senses, and inflam'st my blood,
Loves power by wisdome cannot be withstood.
But see the morning starre breaks from the East,
To tell the world her great eie is awak't,
To take his iourney to the Westerne vales:
And novv the Court begins to rise with him.

Here passes over the stage a Phisitian, a Gentleman Vsher, and a Waiting maid.

There goes the Phisitian, the waiting maid,
And a fine straight leg'd Gentleman Vsher,
The preface to a kirtell all puffe past.
One that writes sonnets in his Ladies praise,
And hides her crimes with flattering poesie.
But peace amazement, see the day of life,
Natures best worke, the vvorlds chiefe Paragon.
Madame, one word.

Enter Mariana.

Ma, I; so now farewell.
Phi. You doe mistake me.
Ma. That your selfe can tell,
You askt me one word, which I gave, said, I,
A word of least use in a Virgins breath,
Vrge not my patience then with fond reply,
Phi. Deare Lady lend an eare unto my voice,
Sith each were made for others happinesse:
My tong's not oild with Courtly flatterings.

Nor

Nor can I paint my paſſions to the life;
But by that power which ſhapt this heavenly forme,
I am your bond-ſlave, forc't by loves command,
Then let ſoft pittie with ſuch beauty dwell.
Madame I love you.

Ma. As I am a Virgin ſo doe I.

Phi. But Madame whom?

Ma. My ſelfe, no Lady better.

Phi. But will you love me?

Ma. No by my chaſtitie.

Phi. I hope you do but jeſt.

Ma. Nay Ile keepe mine oath,
Men ſhall abandon pride and jealouſie
Ere Ile be bound to their captivitie,
They ſhall live continent, and leave to range,
But men like to the Moone each moneth muſt change.
Yet muſt we ſeeke that naught their ſight diſpleaſes,
And mixe our wedlocke ſweets with loath'd diſeaſes:
When we conſume our ſelves and our beſt beauty,
All our reward is why, 'twas but our dutie.

Phi. Iudge not ſo hard of all for ſome offendors;
For you are ſubject to the ſelfe ſame crimes,
Of men and women alwaies have bin had
Some good of each.

Ma. But for the moſt part bad:
Therefore Ile have none at all but die a perfit maid.

Phi. That humour like a flower ſoone will fade,
Once did mine owne thoughts ſing to that delight,
Till love and you reform'd my barbarouſneſſe:
Therefore deare Ladie pittie my wounded heart.

Ma. A Surgion here for this love-wounded man,
How deep's your vlcer'd orifice, I pray you tell?

Phi. Quite thorow my heart.

Ma. 'Tis ſtrange and looke ſo well;
Yet Ladies eyes have power to murder men,
And with one ſmile to make them whole agen.

Achilles lance to a haire, but doe you love me Prince?
Phi. Dearer then my ſoule.
Ma. Would I could love you.
Phi. Madame ſo you may.
Ma. As yet I cannot, therefore let me goe.
Phi. O doe not leave me, grant me but one requeſt,
And here I vow by that divineſt power,
The ſalt ſeas glorious iſſue, whoſe bright ſpheare
Rules my ſicke heart, and knowes my chaſt intent,
That if you pleaſe t'impoſe on me that taske
Which neither men nor monſter can atchieue,
Which even Angels have a dread to touch,
Deedes which outſtretch all poſsibilitie,
S'foot more then can be thought, and Ile effect:
Or elſe Ile periſh in th'accompliſhment.
Ma. Let your requeſt fit Virgine modeſty,
And you obey your vovv, I am content
To give your thoughts contented happineſſe.
Phi. 'Tis but a kiſſe I aske, a minutes joy.
Ma. Now *Cupid* helpe thee, is thy griefe for this,
Keep thy ſtrong vow, and freely take a kiſſe. *He kiſſes her.*
Phi. I have obtain'd my heaven, and in this touch
I feele the breath of all delitiouſneſſe:
Then freely give the ſentence of my worke,
Muſter up all the engines of your wit,
Teach *Inno* rules beyond malitiouſneſſe,
What ere it be I'le die but I'le performe it.
Ma. Thou ſhalt not kill thy ſelfe, nor fight with monſters,
Nor bring the great *Turkes* beard to ſhew thy zeale:
Thy life thou ſhalt not hazard for my love,
Nor will I tie thee to an endleſſe taske,
But even with eaſe, and gentle tangled knots,
Thou ſhalt untwind thy clew of miſeries.
Phi. Let it have paſſage, Madame give me my doome.
Ma. Then *Philocles* knit ſilence to my words,
And marke thy doome: for thus my ſtricter will

Loads

Loads griefe upon thy vainer levity.
Hence for the ſpace and compaſſe of one yeare
Thou ſhalt abjure the libertie of ſpeech,
Thou ſhalt not ſpeake for fully twelve moneths ſpace,
For friend nor foe, for danger nor for death;
But live like aire, with ſilent emptineſſe,
Breake thou this vow, I'le hold thee for a villaine:
And all the world ſhall know thy perjurie.
Phi. Be heaven and earth a witneſſe of my vow,
And mine eternall ſilence, I am dumbe.
Ma. Why ſo, now ſhall I not be troubled with vaine chat,
Or idle prate of idle wantonneſſe:
For love I cannot, therefore tis in vaine,
Would all my ſutors tongues I thus could raine,
Then ſhould I live free from fain'd ſighes and groanes,
With, O take pittie, 'tis your ſervant moanes,
And ſuch harſh ſtuffe, that frets me to the heart:
And ſonnets made of *Cupids* burning dart.
Of *Venus* lip, and *Iunoes* Maieſtie.
Then were I freed from fooles and foolery.
In May the Cuckoe ſings, then ſhee'le come hither,
Her voice and yours will rarely tune together. *Exit Mariana.*

Enter Florio.

Flo. Prince *Philocles*, the king would ſpeak with you: *Speaks louder & louder.*
Prince *Philocles* the king would ſpeake with you,
Prince *Philocles* the king would ſpeake with you.

Philocles ſtrikes Florio and falls him.

Flo. The pox rot off your fingers for this blow,
It is Coronation day thorow all my ſcull,
Theres ſuch a fatall ringing in my braine,
Has wonne the ſet, has laid five fingers on;
But 'twas a knaviſh part of him to play ſo,
Heare me you gods for this my open wrong,
Make ſhort his fingers as you have his tongue. *Exit Florio.*

Enter Meſchant alone.

Me. Tis not mans fortune, envie nor neglect,

Which makes him miſerable, but tis meane fate,
Even ſole predeſtination, a firme gift.
Fixt to his birth, before the world was made,
For were it otherwiſe, then within our lives,
We ſhould finde ſome diſtractions, errours change,
And other toies of much uncertaintie:
But my miſhaps are fixt ſo to my blood,
They have no fire but my creation:
The Queene out of ſuſpition that my love
Firſt ſet an edge upon the Kings deſires,
And made him wooe her with a victors ſword,
Caſts me from favour, ſeazes all my lands,
And turnes my naked fortunes to the cold.
The King made proud with purchaſe of his wiſh
Neglects my ſufferance for him, and orelookes
The low tide of my fortunes; leſt my woes
Should ſpeake my wrongs to his ingratitude;
The whilſt thoſe Lords whoſe ſupple hams have bow'd
To doe me formall reverence, now deſpiſe
And ſleight me in their meaneſt complements:
O tis a torment more then hell, yet knowes
To be an honeſt flatterer, or to live
A Saint in *Limbo*, which that I may prevent,
Ile be nor beſt nor worſt, but all indifferent.
But here comes a noble man, I muſt turne petitioner. *Enter Florio.*
My Lord, may I not ſee the King?

Flo. You may not.
His Majeſty is now downe preſt with ſeriouſneſſe,
As for your ſuit it is with *Prate* the Orator,
I heard his highneſſe give him a ſpeciall charge
For your diſpatch with favour.

Mo. O but he doth neglect,
And ſleights me like his weake Orations,
And by your Lordſhips leaue, I doe not thinke
His wiſedome worthy of the conference.

Flo. Nay if you will correct the Kings coine, you are not for my conſe-

conference, Farewell. *Exit Florio.*

Me. Why, and fare you well, S'foot this is more then ſtrange,
That being grieu'd I may not ſay I'me pain'd. *Enter Alph.*
But here comes another: Mine honourable Lord
May I not have ſome conference with the King?

Alph. You may not, buſineſſe of greater waight
Imports both him and us: nay pray you ceaſe;
As for your ſuit tis with the Orator.

Me. Yet me thinks twere meete.

Alph. That you would rather trouble him then me.

Me. Its ſtrange.

Alp. Its ſtrange indeed, to ſee you wrong your eaſe.
I am not now for idle conferences, adiew. *Exit Alph.*

Me. Why this is court grace to men in miſery,
And thus theſe taile-leſſe Lions with their roare,
Affright the ſimple herd: O I could now
Turne rebell 'gainſt their pride. *Enter Epyre.*
But here comes the Duke:
My gracious Lord vouchſafe to heare my griefes.

Epy. For Gods love ceaſe your trouble, we are all
Troubled with griefes of ſtranger qualities.

Me. Words are no heavy burthen.

Epy. No, had I no other waight;
But we are all downe preſt with other poiſe:
As for your ſuit it is referd to *Prate*:
And he muſt give you faire diſpatch with favour,
Which if he ſleight for envy or for bribe,
Repaire to me, and I will not forget
To give you eaſe, and chide his negligence,
Meane ſpaced pray you leave me, for we all
Are troubled now with greateſt miracles.

Me. Your grace doth doe me comfort, and I will
Study with ſervice to deſerue your favours,
And ſo I take my leave. *Exit Meſſent.* *Enter 2. Doctors.*

Epy. Your owne contentments follow you.
Now gentlemen what newes within, can this dumb wonder ſpeak?

Have you cut of thoſe lets that tyed his ſpeech
And made your fames to ſound thorow *Sicilie?*

1. *Doct.* All hopefull meanes that man or art can finde,
Have we made triall of, but tis in vaine:
For ſtill my Lord, the cure's invincible.

2. *Doct.* Thoſe Organs nature gave to move the tongue,
He fully doth poſſeſſe as well as we;
Which makes us thinke his ſuddaine apoplexe
Is either will, vovv, or a miracle.

Epy. I ſhould thinke ſtrangely, had wee ſtrange things on earth:
But wonders now are moſt familiar:
But here comes his Majeſtie, now vve ſhall ſee
If this dumbe beaſt can ſpeake before the King.

Cornets, and enter Cypre, Queene, Philocles, Mariana, and attendants.

Cyp. My beſt of friends, my deareſt *Philocles*,
Thy griefes run in my ſpirit, make me ſad,
And dulls my ſenſe with thine affliction.
My ſoule with thine doth Sympathize in woe,
And paſſion governes him that ſhould rule all,
What ſay you Doctors, is there no hope of helpe?

1. *Doct.* No hope my Lord, the cure is deſperate.

Cyp. Then I am king of griefe, for in his words
Found I more muſicke then in quires of Angels,
It was as ſilver, as the chime of ſpheares,
The breath of Lutes, or Loves deliciouſneſſe:
Next to my Queene, he is my ioy on earth:
Nor ſhall the world containe that happie good
Which with my teares I will not vvooe for him.
My Lord of *Epyre*, let it be ſtraight proclaim'd
Thorow all the Cities in our Kingdomes verge,
That who ſo will avovv to cure this Prince,
And bring his worke to wiſht effectualneſſe
Shall have ten thouſand Crownes and our beſt love;

But

But if he faile in his great enterprise,
His daring is the losse of present life,
Since no man hitherto could doe him good,
The next shall helpe him, or else loose his blood.

Epy. Your Maiestie shall have your will perform'd.

Ma. Not all so soone deare brother, what if a woman now
Should turne *Æsculapius* and restore
This dumbe *Hippolitus?* nay doe not looke strange,
I dare avow and undertake the cure.

Epy. You sister, are you in your wits?

Ma. Faith of the outside of them brother, yet a womans tongue
Whose burthen still is superfluitie,
May lend a man an ages complement.

Cy. Madame, I would not have you with the Larke
Play your selfe into a day in this great cure,
I feare is farre Beyond your Physicks helpe.

Ma. My Lord you know not how *Apollo* loves me,
I have beene thought as faire as *Oenon* was,
And dare be bold to claime this miracle.

Cy. *Mariana* attend, glory and ruine compasse thee about,
This hand shall raise thee to a golden throne,
And grace thee with all stiles of dignitie;
This cast thee downe,
Lower then lives misfortune and orewhelme
Thy beauties with thy grave, performe, be great,
Faile, and be worse then worst calamitie.

Qu. Stay gentle friend, my love doth bid thee stay,
Attempt not, and be safe from misery.

Epy. Sister you shall not graspe with mischiefe thus,
My blood doth challenge interest in your ill,
And I coniure you from this desperateneſſe.

Ma. Brother content your selfe, words but augment our strife,
I will performe, or else my pawn's my life.

Cy. Proceed faire Virgine.

Ma. Vouchsafe me privacie: now *Venus* be my speed,
Speake gentle *Philocles*, thine oaths bond I untie,

And

And give thy vowes a free infranchiſment,
Thy wel kept league hath ſhow'd thy ſtrength of truth
And doth confirme me in my vertuouſneſſe :
Thy Martyrdome and ſufferance is too long,
And I reſtore it to new liberty.
Then ſpeake my *Philocles*, ſpeake gentle Prince
To her whoſe love reſpects and honors thee.

Cy. How novv, vvhat vertue from thy charmes?

Ma. No hope is left, deare *Philocles* regard my miſeries,
Vntie that wilfull let which holds in ſpeech,
And make me happy through thy noble pitie,
I ſee the face of mine ill ſhap't contempt,
Where like with like hath quit moſt iniury :
Then ſpeake my Lord, vtter one Angell breath
To give me joy, and ſave me from ſtrange death.
What not a word, hath this ſmall ſilence brought
An vtter deteſtation to thy ſpeech?
Wilt thou not heare, nor ſpeake, nor pitie me,
The gentle gods move thee to more remorſe.

Cy. What, wilt not bee?
Fond maid thou haſt drawne affliction on thy head,
And thral'd thy ſelfe to worſe calamitie :
Till morrovv Sunne thy incantations uſe,
But then effect leſſe, all hopes deſperate,
Wert thou my boſome love thou dieſt the death,
Beſt eaſe for madneſſe is the loſſe of breath.

Exeunt all but Philocles and Mariana.

Ma. O *Philocles* I am no Courts diſgrace,
No Cities Proſtitution, Cou tries ſhame,
Nor one ſhall bring *Troys* fire unto thy houſe,
Turne not avvay hard hearted *Mirmidon*,
See, on my knees Ile follow thee in Court,
And make the world condemne thy cruelty
Yet if my teares may mollifie thy heart,
Receiue them as the floods of ſtrangeſt tides,
Turne not thy face from her that doates on thee,

Love nowv hath made me ſubiect to thy will,
And pale diſdaine hath tane revenge on me,
Behold my nerves Ile weare upon this earth,
And fill this roofe with lamentations.
What doſt thou ſmile, hath fury ſo much ſway
As even to baniſh poore civilitie?
Then be thy ſelfe, and breake thine itching ſpleene:
For I diſdaine thy ranſomes victorie,
Life thou art weary brought, welcome my death,
Sweete becauſe wiſht for, good becauſe my choice:
Yet when I am dead, this of me ſhall be ſaid,
A cruell Prince murdered a loving Maid.
And after ages to th'unborne ſhall tell,
Thy hate, my loue, thy envy, and my hell.
Nay doe not ſpeake I charge thee, go let nothing move thee,
Death is my glory, ſince thou wilt not love me. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Sce. 1. Muſicke.

Enter the Duke of Epyre and Alphonſo.

Epy. GRiefe which controles the motions of our thoughts,
Raignes in my blood, and makes me paſsions ſlave,
My ſiſters miſery torments my ſoule,
And breakes my gall when I but thinke of her:
She was bewitcht with ſpells to her misfortune,
Or elſe borne hapleſſe under a lowring ſtarre.
And 'tis her fate to be thus miſerable:
O *Philooles* hadſt thou no other ſcale
To mount thy heaven but by our miſeries?
Muſt all the noble fame of our great houſe
Waſte downe her royall pillars to make ſteps
For thee to climbe to glory? well I ſee,
Thou plot'ſt our ſhames in thy great dignity. (ſtorms
Alp. Patience great Lord, me thinks theſe ill rais'd
Haue not more violence then may be borne,
Come we will both goe ſue unto the King,

We there will kneele and pray eternally,
And never riſe till he remit his doome.
It ſhall be ſo, I will unto the King,
To beg great favour for a ſmall offence:
But if ſhe die for this, then King take heed,
Thee and thy fortunes by this hand ſhall bleed. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chip, Shaving and others with a ſcaffold.

Chy. Come my hearts, let's make al things ready for the execution, here's a maiden-head muſt be cut off without a featherbed.

Sha. Its a ſigne ſhe deales with ſharpe tooles, and a cruell headsman.

Chy. If I had bin her judge, ſhee ſhould have beene toſt to death in a blanket.

Sha. No, I vvould have had her ſmothered in a featherbed.

Chy. They ſay ſhe would not plead at her trial.

Sha. No thats true, for ſhe had a great deſire to be preſt.

Chy. And I have knowne ſome of her ſexe, have got that favour to be preſt for ſpeaking.

Sha. Then ſhe was unwiſe to hold her tongue being a woman.

Chy. What is her crime that ſhe muſt looſe her head?

Sha. Becauſe ſhe lived honeſt, contrary to the ſtatute.

Chy. There is a great number of my neighbours will neuer ſuffer for that fault.

Sha. No nor thou neither if the trueth were knowne, for my part I ſhunne that danger.

Chy. I thinke we are all out of danger of the Law for that crime.

Sha. I know I am free, for I am a knave if I have not forgot what vvench had my maidenhead. *Enter Florio.*

Flo. Make roome there, his Maieſty is comming to the execution.

Chy. Come, now all things are ready, lets avvay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Epyne and Alphonſo.

Epy. Mercy is baniſht Courts, the King like flint,
Hardens his royall temper gainſt our plaints,
And makes our woes moſt unavoidable.
What inauſpicious ſtarre raign'd at her birth,

That

That heaven thus frownes upon her miſery;
And my good Lord, now innocence muſt die
As vvhite as untrode ſnow, or culver dovvne,
Kings words are Lawes, and cannot be vvithſtood;
Yet 'tis falſe greatneſie, which delights in blood.
Alph. Patience my Lord, I doe not thinke this ill
Is yet ſo big as unrecoverable,
The King doth hold you in moſt choice reſpect,
And vvhom Kings love, they ſtudy to oblige,
Then call your reaſon home, make not this civill warre,
To ſuffer makes woes leſſer then they are.
Epy. Hovv wel the ſound can ſalve the ſick-mans griefe!
But O how ill he can diſgeſt his pills!
O my good Lord, you ſhall dot loſe a ſiſter,
That is the ioy and comfort of your breath,
'Tis not your blood ſhall iſſue from her wound;
But mine that runnes in rivers from her teares:
And rounds my face in her calamity.
Well, let her periſh, ſince her ſoule is cleare,
And for her death, Ile make a Maſſacre.

Enter Cypres, Queene, Philocles, Mariana bound, a guard of halberts, and an executioner.

Cyp. Your ſuits are bootleſſe: for my vovves have glevvd
And cloſ'd mine eares that they retaine no ſound
Of your intreaties, and even novv the time
Doth runne upon his lateſt minutes, and
Saue but by ſpeech, theres no recovery.
Qu. Haue mercy good my Lord. O let my teares intrude
Betwixt your vowes and her calamity,
In her you take from me my beſt of life,
My Ioy, my comfort, and my play-fellovv.
Cy. Content you madame, for my vovv is paſt,
And is like fate ſtill vnrevocable:
Aſcend poore modell of calamitie.

Ma. As lightly burdened with the waight of crimes,
As spotlesse infants, or poore harmelesse lambes,
Thus I ascend my heaven, this first step lower,
Mounts to this next, this, thus and thus hath brought
My bodies frame unto its highest throne;
Here doth her office end, and hence my soule
With golden vvings of thought shall mount the skie,
And reape a Pallace of pure sanctitie.
Farewell my Soveraigne, madame within your thoughts
Make me a tombe, and love my memory,
Brother farevvell, nay doe not mourne my death,
It is not I that die to spot our house,
Or make you live in after obloquy.
Then weepe no more, but take my last adiew,
My vertues not my faults preserve with you.
Lastly, to you that are my last of hope,
Nay doe not hide your eyes, I love them still:
To part friends now is greatest charitie.
O be thy dayes as fruitfull in delights,
As *Eden* in choice flowers, thine honours such
As all the world may strive to imitate,
Be master of thy wishes: onely this,
When the sad nurse to still the wrangling babe,
Shall sing the carefull story of my death,
Give me a sigh from thy hearts purest breath:
And so farewell.

Exec. Madame kneele here, forgive me for your death.

Ma. With all my heart, thou art but lawes poore hand,
Thus to my death I bow, and yet I rise,
Angels protect my spirits in the skies. *He offers to strike.*

Phi. Hold, or thine owne hand shall be thine owne destruction.

Cyp. Never did musicke sound with better voice.
Vnbind the Lady.

Flo. The feare of death hath brought her to a swound.

Cyp. Indeavour her recovery,

Spy. Sister, deare sister call thy spirits backe;

Sister,

Sister, O sister, hearken to my woes,
Recover breath, and live with happinesse.
Qu. She stirs, give way to aire that she may breath,
Speake *Mariana*, thy woes are cancelled.
Ma. You are not charitable unto my moanes,
Thus to afflict me, with a double punishment:
One death for one poore fault might well suffice,
They are most wretched who twice lives and dies.
Phi. Madame to save your life, I kill my soule:
And speckle that which was immaculate.
Blacke perjury that open ey'd disease,
Which is the plague-sore of societie,
Brands me with mischiefe, and protests I hold
Nothing within me but unworthinesse:
And all these ils are your creation.
Ma. Which to wash off, loe here I yeeld my selfe,
An humble sacrifice to love and thee:
All my best hopes, my fortunes and my love,
My faith, my service, and my loyaltie,
Shall as thy slaves attend on thy commands,
And make me famous in my suffrages.
Cyp. Receive her *Philocles*, for it pleaseth us,
Phi. But not me my thrice royall soveraigne,
Ile rather wed a sootie blackamore,
A Leaper, Monster, *Incubus*, or hagge,
A wretch deform'd in nature, loath'd of men,
Then her that hath bemonstered my pure soule,
Her scorne and pride had almost lost her life,
A maid so faulted, seldome proves good wife.
Qu. What is the reason you not love her novv,
And were so passionate in love before?
Phi. Not that I love her lesse, but rather more,
Run I this backward course; onely my vow,
Sith unperform'd craves satisfaction;
Which thus I reconcile, when this faire maide,
Shall with as strong a love, as firme a zeale,

A faith as constant, and a shame as strong
Requite my care, and shew as ample proofe
In mine extreames, as I have in her death,
Then will I love, enioy and honour her,
Till when, I will not thinke a loving thought;
Or give the easie temper of my mind
To love-sicke passion or deliciousnesse.
Onely with those which doe adore the sunne,
Ile give her all respect and reverence.

Ma. I am well pleas'd, and with a doubtfull foe,
You have good reason thus to capitulate,
Then hang your colours forth, extend your thought
Muster your strongest powers of strictest wit,
And when your reasons best artilleries bent,
Love not my Love, it't be not excellent.

Cyp. I haue not seene a warre breed better wit,
Or passion draw on more delightfulnesse:
Proceed in your contention, for we boast,
That love is best, which is approved most.
But now to revels since our tragicke Sceane
Is turn'd to comicke mirthfull constancie;
In stead of mourning, we will dance and banquet
And fill our emptie veines with all delights:
For oft we find that stormes and sorrowes prove,
The best forerunners of a happy love.

Exeunt all but Epyre.

Ep. He will, but he will not, loves, but cannot like,
Will and affection in this Prince are like
Two buckets which doe never both ascend:
Or those starre twins which shine not in one spheare.
O *Philocles*, I see thy soule growes fat,
And feedes upon the glories of my fame;
But Ile forestall thine Epileptique fits;
And by my plots breed thy destruction.
Revenge now rules as soveraigne of my blood,
And others ruines shall advance my good.

Which once attain'd to, I will prove ambitious,
Great men like Gods, are nere thought vitious.
Now *Philocles* ſtand faſt, King guard thy Crowne,
For by this braine, you both ſhall tumble downe. *Exit.*

Enter Velonpi and Drap, Preſident ſitting at his deske.

Ve. This is his chamber. let's enter, heres his clarke.
Pre. Fondling ſaid he, ſince I haue hem'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this Iuory pale.
Dra. I pray you ſir helpe vs to the ſpeech of your maſter.
Pre. Ile be a parke, and thou ſhalt be my Deere:
He is very buſie in his ſtudie.
Feede where thou wilt, in mountaine or on dale,
Stay a while he will come out anon.
Graze on my lips, and when thoſe mounts are drie,
Stray lower where the pleaſant fountaines lie.
Goe thy way thou beſt booke in the world.
Ve. I pray you ſir, what booke doe you reade?
Pre. A book that never an Orators clarke in this kingdom but is beholden unto; it is called maids Philoſophy, or *Venus* and *Adonis*: Looke you gentlemen, I have divers other pretty bookes.
Drap. You are vey well ſtor'd ſir, but I hope your maſter will not ſtay long.
Pre. No, he will come preſently. *Enter Maſhant.*
Ve. Who have we here? another client ſure, crowes flocke to carcaſſes; O'tis the Lord *Meſhant*.
Me. Save you Gentlemen; ſir is you maſter at any leiſure?
Pre. Here ſit thee downe where never ſerpent hiſſes,
And being ſet Ile ſmother thee with kiſſes.
His buſineſſes yet are many, you muſt needs attend a while.
Me. We muſt attend, vm, even ſnailes keepe ſtate
When with ſlow thruſt their horns peepe foorth the gate.
We muſt attend, 'tis cuſtomes fault not mine,
To make men proud, on whom great favours ſhine.
Its ſomewhat gainſt my nature to attend,

But when we must, we must be patient,
A man may have admittance to the King
As soone as to these long roabes, and as cheape.
Come Gentlemen shall we walke?
Thus are the pavement stones before the doores
Of these great tongue-guilt Orators, worne smooth
With clients dancing for them.

Ve. Its strange to see how the world waits upon them, therein they are the only men now.

Me. O only; they of all men in request.
Your Phisitian is the lawyer for your health:
And moderates unruly humours best.
Others are no body compar'd with him:
For all men neglect their health in regard of their profit.

Dra. True, and thats it makes these men grow so fat,
Swell with rich purchases.

Me. Yea with golden fees,
And golden titles too, they can worke miracles,
And like creators, even of emptie nothing
Erect a World of goodly livings, faire demeanes,
And gallant mannors, heapt one on another.

Ve. They gaine indeed excessiuely, and are not like us citizens,
Expos'd to hazard of the seas and traffique.

Me. Why heres a fellow now, this Orator
Even *Prate*, you would little thinke it, his father was
An honest proiner of our countrey vines;
Yet hee's shot to his foot-cloath.

Drap. O hee is; hee proin'd him well, and brought him up to learning.

Me. Faith reasonable learning, a smattering in the Latine tongue,
A little Rhetoricke, with wrangling sophistrie,
Were his preparatives unto his art.

Ve. After these preparatives (if you call them so)
The Physicke wrought well, for a few yeeres practise
Brought him in wonderous credit, and preferments
Came tumbling in: O such a suddaine rise,

Hath fortune for her minions, blame him not then
Though hee looke high on't.
Me. Nay for his pride, of weaker ſoules termd ſtate,
It hurts none but himſelfe.
Dra. Yet to my ſeeming it is very ſtrange,
That from ſo baſe beginning, men can breath
Such ſoaring fames.
Me. Strange; it's not ſtrange a whit,
Dunghils and marriſh bogs, dart ſtore of vapours,
And viſcous exhalations, againſt heaven,
Which borrowing luſter there (though baſely bred)
Seeme yet like glorious planets faireſt ſtarres:
To the weake eyes of wondring ignorance,
When wiſe men know they are but *Meteors.*
But here comes the Orator. *Enter Prate,*
Prat. What *Preſident* I ſay, come and attend me to the Senate houſe.
Pre. I am ready ſir, if you have *Copia verborum*, I have *Copia rerum* in a buckram bagge here.
Prat. Your Lordſhips pleaſure.
Me. Maſter Orator, tis not unknowne my ſuit.
Prat. Nay your Lordſhip muſt be briefe, Ile not attend
The ſhallow ſleight of words, your ſuit, your ſuit.
Me. The reſtauration of my lands and honours.
Prat. They are confiſcate.
Me. My lands confiſcat, and my body free?
Prat. My Lord, my Lord, the Queen's more mercifull.
Me. Sir you forget my place.
Prat. Sir you forget your faith,
'T was knowne unto the Queene, the State and us,
Your malecontented ſpirit, your diſeaſe in duty:
Your diligent perturbance of the peace:
Your paſſages, occurrences and— — —
Me. Sir,
Prate. Sir me no firs,
Doe not I know you were the chiefe of thoſe
Which rais'd the warre in *Sicill?* and long ſince

Wrought in the Kings loves bloody buſineſſe.
Did not you hold faire quarter and commerce
With all the ſpies of *Cypres*? fie I am aſham'd
Blind impudence ſhould make you be ſo bold,
To beare your face before authority.

Me. But heare me.

Pra. I will heare no replie, go home, repent pray and die:
Come Gentlemen, what's your buſineſſes?

Ve. Your confirmation to his highneſſe grant, touching our trade with *Spaine*, in which if it pleaſe you to aſſiſt us, we have a thouſand crownes which ſhall attend you.

Pra. O I have you in my memorie, the ſuit is great:
And I muſt ſquieze forth more then a thouſand crovvns.
Well attend me to the Senate, you ſhall have faire diſpatches.

Exeunt all but Meſhant.

Me. I'le not attend the ſhallow ſleight of words,
Goe home, repent, pray and die.
Excellent precepts for an Orators chamber.
Where ſpeech muſt bathe a handfull deepe in gold,
Till the poore givers conduit being drie,
The wretch goes home, doth curſe, repent and die.
It is thy counſaile Orator, thy tale breath,
Good onely but to ſeaſon infamie.
From this reproch, this incarreſsing humour
Hath taught my ſoule a new Philoſophie.
I will goe home and there repent all good
Done to thy name or thy profeſsion,
I will goe home, and there new frame my ſelfe
More thirſtilie pernicious to thy ſtate,
Then war or unabated mutinie.
As for my prayers Orator, they are for thee;
Thou haſt a prettie, lovely, wittie vvife:
O maiſt thou live, both to be knowne and know
Thy ſelfe the greateſt cuckold in our land;
And yet not dare to amend or grieve at it.
Maiſt thou imbrace thy ſhame with thankefull armes,
Hugge thy diſgrace, make thy blacke poiſon wine,

And cappe and crouch to thy dishonour,
May thy remembrance live, upon my knees I pray,
All night in Belmens mouthes, with *Pasquil* in the day.

Enter Alphonso unbrac't.

Alp. Day be my speed, night shall not cloake my sin,
If I have naught to doe, its by the Sunne,
The light gives leave to all mine idlenesse.
Quicke businesse and ope eies ceaze on mine orator,
Whilest I create him hornie presidents. *Enter Colloquintida.*
But heres my bed-broker, Now my great armefull of good intelligence, where is my Mistresse?

Co. Fast lockt in her bed with a close ward to devoure thee my brave *Paraquito*; but husht no words, there is a calme before the tempest.

Alp. Tut, tell me of no stormes, but direct me to her bed-chamber, my noble firelocke of a flesh pistoll.

Co. Follow thy colors my brave worthy, mount up thy standard, so enter and prosper. *She puts Alph. into the Orators house.*
Thou hast a rich roome, safe locks, sweete sheets, a choice armefull, with ô the rare, rare thought of imagination.

Me. Whats this, whats this, doeth this Lord *Alphonso* turne the Orator to an *Antilope*? tis more then excellent,
And from the juice of this despight I sucke
Delight more great then all my miseries,
Observe, deare eies observe.

Co. Nay go thy way for a Camel or a Camelion, thou maist compare with all Europe, Africk & Asia, and one that will change tricks though thou wert worthy to be schoolemaster either to *Proteus* or *Are'ine*: what an excellent gift did God give unto man when hee gave him woman, but how much more when that woman was made faire? but ô the most of all when shee had wit to use every member of her creation. Well Ile stand to it, there's nothing but beautie, vse, and old age, that puts women of my ranke out of request, and yet like old bucklers though fewe of your gallant cavilers will weare us, yet many of your stale Ruffians will imploy vs, and thats our comfort still.

Me. Was ever heard a bawd more damnable?

A very mountebanke of wench flesh, an Emperick,
A dog-leech for the putrified sores,
Of these lust-cankered great ones, O I could
Even mad my selfe with railing at their vices

Prate knocks at the doore.

But hearke one knocks, O for the Orator;
Heavens I beseech thee, O for the Orator.

Co. How now, who knocks so rudely at the dore?

Pra. Tis I I say, open the doore, I am in hast.

Me. 'Tis he, iust heavens tis he, fore God the orator

Co. Soule of my bawdie office, how are we betraid,
Anon, anon sir, what Mistresse *Prate* I say?
Arise for shame, your husband's at the doore,
I come, I come, Lord God how dull you are
When danger's at your heeles, rise quickly.

Pra. Open the doore, or I will breake it ope.

Co. I come, I come, I thinke hees mad with hast.
What *Iohn*, what *Thomas*, *Robert*, wher's these knaves,
What *Iulian*, *Mary*, *Sislie*, nere a maid within.

Lo. For Gods love stay, ile find the key straight way.

Enter Lollia and Alphonso in his shirt.

O mistres *Colloquintida*, what shall become of us?

Co. Nay I am at my wits end, and am made
Duller then any spurgal'd, tyred Iade.

Alph. S'foote if he enter, I will breake his necke.

Lo. Not for a world deare loue step into my closet.

Alph. Did ever slave come thus unluckily?

Lo. Nay now's no time for passion, good Lord in.

Exit Alphonso, and enter Prate.

Co. Fy I have almost broke my heart with running.

Lo. How now deare husband, what hath mou'd this hast?

Pra. I thinke I was not blest this morning when I rose: for through my forgetfulnesse, I have left behind me in my study the breviates of all my causes, and now the Senate is faine to dance attendance on my leasure, fie, fie, fie. *Exit Prate.*

Lo. Nay if he smel nothing but papers, I care not for his dry foot hunting,

hunting, nor shall I need to puffe pepper in his nostrils, but see hee comes againe.

Enter Prate, and stumbling at his wives bed, sees Alphonsoes rich apparell lying thereon.

Prate. I thinke the Divell hath laid his hornes in my way.

Me. Yes, and if you had wit you might conjure him out of your wives closet.

Pra. Sancte Benedicite, what have we here, hath the golden snake cast his skin upon my bed, go to wife, I smell, I smell, me thinkes your plaine rug should not agree with this rich counterpoint.

Lo. Husband, either I have fitted you now, or else I shall never fit you whilest I breath.
You oft have told me, that like those of your ranke,
Who both adorne their credits and themselves,
Yea even their causes with their costly clothes,
Your selfe in like sort would strive to imitate,
And now my neighbour here hath brought this suite,
Which if you please to buy, tis better cheape
Then ere twas made by full five thousand crownes.

Pra. Saist thou me so wench, a kisse for that i faith,
Fore-God it is a delicate fine suite, rich stuffe, rare worke, and of the newest fashion; nay if the Senats busines were never so hasty, I will stay to try it on, come, help good wenches help, so there, there, there

The Orator puts on Alphonsoes apparell.

Me. S'foote will the oxe put on the Lyons hide,
He will, he will, tis more then excellent,
So guild the tombe which holds but rottennesse,
Laughter I feare will burst me, looke how he struts,
O God that ever any man should looke
Vpon this maumet and not laugh at him.

Prate. Fit fit, excellent fit, as though
The body it was made for wore my mould,
Wife I will have it, weele dispute no price.

Enter Velours.

Ve. Master Orator the Senat are set, and can dispatch no causes through your absence, therfore they earnestly intreat your presence

Prate. I come, I come, good friend goe say I come,
And wife see that you pay for this suit, what so ere it cost. *Ex. Pra.*

Me. Not aboue making you cuckold, thats the most.

Lol. What is he gone?

Col. He is. *Enter Alph. in his shirt.*

Lol. Why then come forth poore naked Lord.

Alph. What is he gone, may the Divell and his hornes both follow him.

Lol. He is gone: but yet he hath discovered your treason.

Alph. How?

Col. Yes, and in revenge thereof hath vow'd, that in this naked sort as you are, you shall doe penance through the Citie for your sinne of unchastitie.

Alph. I pray thee leave thy womans phrase, and speak like a man, plainely, plainely.

Lo. Then plainely thus, hee is gone and hath taken away your apparell.

Alph. Vpon what accident?

Lo. This, when your negligence had left your cloathes upon my bed, he espied them, taskt me for the owner, I in excuse told him it was a suite brought by my gossip to be sold, he straight like a childe proude of a new coate, presently puts it on, presently is sent for to the Senate, and at this present hath left you that the world may behold your naked doings.

Alph. I would it were washt in the blood of a Centaure, that when he puts it off, his skinne might follow it, but how shall I get to my chamber?

Lo, Truly I know not, except you wil weare a smocksupper coat.

Alp. What a petticoate, you mad me with your mirth.

Lo. Then seriously thus, as he hath tane your cloathes, you must take his, and let the world know you have had more then fidlers are, for you have meate, money, and cloth.

Alph. S'foote how shall I looke in this Divels suite, sure I shal grow sick to see my shape.

Lo. Well extremitie must then be your physicke, but come, you shall attire your selfe in my chamber. *Exit Alp. Lol. and Col.*

Me.

Me. Are theſe the winding turnes of female ſhames,
Looſe vvomans gamboles, and the tricks of ſinne?
And are we borne to beare theſe ſuffrages?
O hee thats tide unto a brothell bed,
Feeles his worſt hell on earth, and may preſume
There is no ſickneſſe like his peſtilence:
Well, what the iſſue of this ieſt will proue,
My vvit but yet conceives, and after time
Shall perfit it and give it liberty,
In ſuch ſort, that if it true fire ſtrike,
A world of Apes ſhall ſtudy for the like. *Exit.*

Enter the Duke of Epyre alone.

Epy. My thoughts are troubled, joy forſakes me quite,
And all my meditations are revenge:
Ambition and fell murder joyne in me,
And aide each other to untwine a ſtate,
And make whole millions prove unfortunate.
Novv muſt I practiſe Court art flattery,
And wiſely temporize with blackeſt deedes:
Ile ſmile and ſtab, now vveepe then laugh, then frovvne,
And vvith ſlie tricks of ſtate kill al ſuſpition,
Divels muſt ſeeme like Angels, ſaith Ambition.
The blackeſt thoughts Ile ſtudy to excell,
Crovvnes and revenge have made men dive to hell.
My plot is currant and it cannot miſſe,
Whileſt wiſedome windes me on the clevv of bliſſe.
The King ſhall kill the Queene, that acted right,
I ſoone will turne his brighteſt day to night.
Hees ſimple, honeſt, and loves downy reſt,
Then hee muſt fall, 'tis policie in ſtate,
To hurle them downe are bleſt vvith happy fate.
Thus each ſhal ſcourge himſelfe vvith his ovvne rodde,
Who is all policie, auovves no God.
Who is vvithin there hoe? *Enter Florio.*

Flo. Did your grace call?

Epy. I did, vvhere is the King?

Flo.

Flo He is in his privie chamber playing at cheſſe.
Epy. Go ſtraight and tell him I muſt ſpeak with him,
And ſay my buſineſſe doth import great haſte.
Flo. I goe my Lord.
Epy. Be a bleſt *Mercury*, now mount thee up my ſpirit,
And ſhew thy ſelfe a Polititian,
Let ſlander rule thy tongue, envy thy heart,
And let deſtruction be thy period
Of what thou ſpeakeſt; for this my maxime is,
But rule no heaven, and but revenge no bliſſe.

Enter Cypres, Florio and attendants.

Cy. Here comes the King, my Lord we muſt be private.
Remove your hearings from our conference,
Now ſpeake my Lord, ſpeake freely as to heaven.
Epy. Firſt with my knee I kiſſe this proſtrate earth,
And humbly beg, that which my tongue ſhall ſpeake,
So it proceede from love and vaſſalage,
May beare a pardon or forgetfulneſſe.
Cy. You have it, ariſe, diſcharge an open breaſt.
Epy. O my dread Liege, my ſpeech will make you ſad:
(And Kings doe ſeldome reliſh their diſtaſtes)
And from that ſadneſſe ſuch a ſtorme will riſe
As will even drowne up all credulitie.
O that my loyall heart could cover ſinne,
Or that my tongue inured unto griefe,
Might looſe his ſpleene ere it diſtemper you,
But love and mine alleageance bid me ſpeake.
Cy. Then ſpeake and doe not racke me with delay.
Epy. Women, why were you made for mans affliction?
The firſt that ever made us taſt of griefe,
And laſt of whom in torments we complaine,
You devills ſhap't like Angels, through whoſe deedes,
Our forked ſhames are made moſt viſible,
No ſoule of ſenſe would wrong bright Majeſty,
Nor ſtaine their bloud with ſuch impuritie.
Cy. Nay good Lord leave this *Allegoricke* ſpeech,

And give me knowledge from a plainer phraſe.
Epy. Then plainly thus, your bed is preſt with luſt,
I know you doe not credit, nay whats more,
I know you hate me for my vertuouſneſſe,
Your Queene behaves her like a curtezan,
I know you hold me for a vile impoſter,
O fooliſh zeale that makes me be ſo fond
To leave my faith unto blacke cenſuring,
O ſhee hath ſin'd and done a double wrong
To you, to her, and ſacred chaſtity.
Cy. Duke thou art valiant, and with a valiant mind,
Slander is worſe then theft or ſacriledge,
Nay more then murder, or the height of treaſon,
A ſtep beyond the vtmoſt plagues in hell.
Then thou which in that nature wrongſt a Queene,
Deſeru'ſt a ſcourge beyond their puniſhments,
Vertue ſhould kill thee now.
Epy. Nay doe, my breſt is bare unto thy ſteele,
Kill me becauſe I love thee and ſpeake true,
Is this the merit of a Romane faith,
For this have I obſeru'd, pried in unto,
And ſearcht each ſecret ſhift of vanity?
Nay pray you kill me, faith Ile patient ſtand,
Live ſtill a monſter, hold ſhame in your hand.
Cy. Speake a word more, a King ſhalbe thy death.
Epy. Death is a ſlave to him that is reſolv'd,
And my ſoule loathes this ſervile flattery,
Nor will I cover ſuch intemperate ſinne,
But to the world make them and that tranſparent,
Vnleſſe your ſelfe will ſeeke to right your ſelfe.
Cy. Thou haſt awakt me, and thy piercing words
Have ſplit my ſenſe in ſunder: yet what ground
Remaines whereon to ground ſuſpition? a cuckold, cuckold ha?
Ep. Your abſence is the bawd to her deſires,
For their maskes, dancings, gaming, banquetting,
Strange private meetings, and all toiles in love.

As wanton ſpeeches to ſtirre Appetite,
And all inchantments that inflame deſire,
When you returne, then all is huſht aud ſtill,
And ſhe demurely walkes like vertues ghoſt:
Before your face ſhees like a Puritane,
Behind your backe a bluſhleſſe curtezan.

Cy. O I have drunke in poyſon at mine eares,
Which makes my blood boile with unquenched flames,
But ſpeake who is it that diſhonours me?

Epy. He that you prize a line before your life,
I know you will not credit, faith you will not.

Cy. Nay if thou ceaſe to ſpeake, thou hat'ſt my life,
Tak'ſt thou delight to kill me, then forbeare,
S'foote I am mortall man, kill me, doe doe doe.

Epy. Your beſt of friends, your deareſt *Philocles*
Vſurps your bed and makes you a cornute.
A creature uncreate in Paradiſe,
And one thats onely of a womans making.

Cy. Iſt poſſible? can I give faith to this?

Epy. Nay, be put patient, ſmooth your brovv a little,
And you ſhall take them as they clip each other,
Even in their height of ſinne then damne them both,
And let them ſtinke before they aske God pardon,
That your revenge may ſtretch unto their ſoules.

Cy. To bee a cuckold doth exceede all griefe.

Epy. To have a pleaſant ſcoffe at Majeſtie.

Cy. To taſte the fruit forbidden from my tree.

Epy. But he ſhall looſe his paradiſe for that.

Cy. The ſlave will make baſe ſongs in my diſgrace.

Epy. And wound your reputation in ſtrange Lands.

Cy. This iniury ſads all my joyes on earth.

Epy. Hornes are not ſhun'd by wiſedome wealth or birth.

Cy. Watch their cloſe meetings, and then give us notice,
Meane ſpace my love ſhall in thy boſome reſt,
My griefe is like my birth, great, great and hie:
Give cloſe intelligence, till then farewell.

Luſt is the broadeſt path which leades to hell.

Exit Cypres.

Ep. He's gone with blacke ſuſpition in his heart:
And made his ſoule a ſlave to iealouſie,
My plots ſhall drive him to his owne deſtruction;
And I gaine both revenge and dignity.
He ſhall no ſooner put his Queene to death,
But Ile proclaime her ſpotleſſe innocence,
All men will hate him for ſo vile an act,
And mad with rage depoſe him from his crowne.
Then I will be his death, his ſtate doth give,
Kings once depoſ'd, long after muſt not live;
For like a *Phœnix* rare in jealouſie,
He ſhall conſume himſelfe in ſcorching flames,
Whil'ſt from his aſhes I a *Phœnix* ſpring:
Many renounce their God to be a King,
And ile be one to kill men with a frowne,
None dare diſpute the actions of a crowne. *Exit.*

Act. 4. Sce. 1. Muſicke.

Enter Florio and Meſhant.

Florio.

THe Queene is all for Revells, her light heart,
Vnladen from the heavineſſe of ſtate,
Beſtowes it ſelfe upon delightfulneſſe.

Me. She followes her creation and her ſexe.
In my conceit it is as vile a thing,
To ſee the worthy modell of a woman,
Who had not beene at all; but to give life,
And ſtirring ſpleene to mans alacrity,
To ſit orewhelm'd with thought, with darke amuze
And the ſad ſullenneſſe of grieu'd diſlike;
As to behold an old man in his furres,

Whose well spent youth, hath given his age full strength,
To be his countries best Physitian,
To caper to his grave, and with vaine gawdes
Tricke up his coffin, and upon his tombe,
To leave no knowledge but his levity.

Flo. Tis true indeed, and nature in her selfe,
Doth give us still distaste in contraries.
And in my thoughts it is as base to see a woman man,
As see a man a long roab'd feminine.

Me. Well, wee forget our selves my Lord, What is the musicke ready? I pray you command the guard to take their halberts in their hands, the Vshers should have scene this roome perfum'd, in faith they are too negligent: here comes the Queene.

Enter the Queene, Mariana, and Waiting-Women, Philocles and other Lords, the King disguised like one of the guard at the one end of the stage, and the Duke so likewise disguised at the other end of the stage.

Qu. Loud Musicke there, and let the god of Harmonie
Ravish our senses with delightfull aires.
Tun'd to the Musicke of the higher spheare,
And with that mortall signe rarely shew
The ioyes in *Ioves* high Court, to feast the gods,
Making that place abound in happinesse.
Come noble *Philocles* I ceaze you first,
(*Mariana* there are choice of other Lords)
In gracing you, it is the King I grace.

Ma. Come honest Lord, 'tis you must stand to me,
The Queene in mine doth challenge interest,
And I must flie for shelter to my friends.

Me. And Ile be glad to be your coverture.

Ma. O no my Lord, not till the weather change.

Me. Wel when you please, meane time you doe me grace.

Qu. Nay my Lord there's a Lady worth the handling,
Sound musicke then, fill earth with heavens pleasure.

Cyp. My Queene is out of time, though she keepe measure.

Here they dance the first straine.

Epy. Be luckie villanie,
Hit now the marke that mine ambition aimes at,
Me thinkes I see that leane Italian divell, iealousie, dance
In his eies: possesse him spirit of rage,
Muffle his understanding with blacke thoughts,
Let passion governe reason, falshood truth,
Oblivion hide his age, hate kill his youth.

Epi. Thou danceſt on my heart, lascivious Queene,
Euen as upon these rushes, which thou treadeſt:
See how her motions wind about his eies,
And doth present to him her passions,
Now doth her moistening palme glow in his hand
And courts him unto dalliance: she dies, tis iust,
Shees slave to murder that is slave to lust.

Epi. Thou curse of greatnesse, waking ei'd suspition,
Now helpe thy poore friends, murder and ambition.

The first straine ends.

Qu. This straine contain'd a preticke change.
Proceed unto the next.

They dance the second.

Cyp. Sinne followes sinne, and change on change doth wait,
Thy change doth change my love to cruell hate.

Here in this straine Mariana came to Philocles.

Phi. Madame me thinkes this change is better then the first.
Ma. If the musicke would not alter it.
Qu. Me thinks tis worse, come we will have another straine.

They dance againe.

Phi. I pleas'd, let us proceede.
Cyp. Rivals in Crownes and beds of Kings must bleed.
Can that faire house containe so foule a guest.

As luſt, or cloake inordinate and baſe deſires,
Vnder ſo faire a coverture; O yes,
Women can blind our ſenſe when we ſee beſt,
And ſet faire lanskips on inconſtancie,
Making us blind with ſeeing the daunce ends,
Your ſinnes are blackeſt, breach of love and friends.
Epy. Now to the King, blow rage till it flame hate,
A Polititian thrives the beſt in ſtate.

Exit Epyre, and enters to the King againe.

Qu. Come ſweet Prince *Philocles*,
Deviſe ſome new delights to ſhorten time,
This dulneſſe hath no reliſh in my ſenſe,
It hath no pith, and ſloth in my conceit
Is but a type of pride in beſt conſtructions.
Ma. Madame Ile ſtand, that a faire woman muſt bee proud or elſe a foole.
Phi. I would faine heare that I'faith.
Qu. Thy reaſon wench, I pray thee come diſburſe.
Ma. A woman faire, is like a full blowne roſe,
Qu. Which holds the faire no longer then it growes.
Ma. A woman faire is like the fineſt gold.
Phi. Which kept from uſe is good though nere ſo old.
Ma. Nay good Lord leave a little,
She that is faire is wiſe, and ought to know it,
For to that end did nature firſt beſtow it.
Now of this knowledge if we be not proud,
We wrong the author, and we are allowd
To ranke vvith ſenſeleſſe beaſts, ſith careleſſe wee
For want of pride detract our dignitie.
Not knowing it, we know truth in the ſame,
Not to be proud of truth askes follies name.
This leſſon ſtill is read in beauties ſchoole,
She that is faire and humble, is a foole.
For neither knows ſhe how to hold her good,

Or to keepe ſafe the treaſure of her blood.

Qu. A notable declamation.

Ma. Nay Madame by your leave,
Pride gives a luſter to a womans faire,
Things that are higheſt priz'd, are ever deere.
Why is the Diamond the Saphyrs King,
But for eſteeme and rareneſſe? both which ſpring
From the ſtones pride, which is ſo chaſt and hard,
Nothing can pierce it, it ſelfe is it ſelfes guard.
Now what is pride? ſelfe love, our owne eſteeme,
A ſtrength to make vs of out ſelves well deeme:
From whence this maxim I collect 'mongſt other,
Who hates her ſelfe, can never love another.
And to conclude, mans appetite growes dull
To what it may have, empty hope is full,
To all our ſexe on earth, maide, widdovv, vvife and bride,
They happy live, when they live with chaſt pride.

Cyp. My Queene vvill ſpeake as much for luſt, as ſhe for pride, if the toy take her.

Me. Your Ladiſhip ſowes dangerous ſeed abroad.

Ma. But I hope my Lord, all grounds are not fruitful.

Qu. Wel wench, ſhalt be the proud womans champion.

Ma. And Ile defend them againſt all men, as at ſingle tongue.

Me. I had rather fight with a Gyant, then you at that weapon.

Cyp. My Lord goe forth, returne in your owne ſhape, ſay I am comming.

Epy. I goe my Lord. *Exit Epyre.*

Cyp. Ile note their countenance when they heare of me,
Kings often ſee that which they would not ſee.

Qu. Dauncing hath made me weary, what ſport is next?

Phy. What your highneſſe will command.

Cyp. She will command you ſir to play with her.

Enter Epyre.

Epy. Madame his Majeſty is return'd to Court.

Qu. Nay then away with revels and with ſports,
Lie huſht, and ſtill this vainer idleneſſe,

It now hath loſt his ſpleene, come Lords away.
My ſunne is riſen, brings a britgher day,
Exeunt all but Cypres and Epyre.

Cyp. Darkeneſſe is thy delight laſcivious Queene,
And thou wouldſt have thy ſun pent up in cloud:
If I be he, O falſeneſſe did I for this,
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
Hazard my royall blood for thee to be
My greateſt ſhame, the ſcandall of my blood,
Whi'ſt rumour crownes me King of infamy?
But I will be reveng'd: watch gentle Lord,
When next I ſee them, they ſhall taſt of death,
Such power hath bateneſſe over great defame
That Monarches cannot cover their owne ſhame.
Exit Cypres.

Epy. My plot yet holds a true proportion,
And I doe ſee an even way to rule,
A crowne like a bold champion bids me on,
And fame ſhall chronicle mine enterprize:
The Queene being dead, I muſt oppoſe my ſelfe,
Againſt her tyrant husband, thats my claime,
And with ſtrong courage ſtand the ſhocke of warre:
If of my ſelfe I can withſtand the King,
Then all the Land will flocke unto mine aid, if not,
The King is Gods annointed, my head fits the blocke,
And thats the worſt, yet future times will tell,
I ſunke not fleightly, for a crown I fell. *Exit Epy.*

Enter Meſſant and a guard of watchmen.

Me. Come on my maſters, you know the tenure of the Kings command,
And what in this great buſineſſe you muſt doe,
Which is to keepe him ſafe, and not vouchſafe
That any creature ſpeake or viſit him,
Till he be brought to the preſence of the King,
You muſt not ſtart for bountie nor for threats.

No though he say he is a Noble-man,
As it may be, he may prove mighty borne,
Yet what for that? you must performe your office,
Or else expect to tast sharpe punishment.

1. *Watch.* Tut, feare not my Lord, we that have had *Cerberus* office so many yeers vnder a grate, are not to learne now to play either divels or tyrants, let us but see him, and then take no care for his safety.

2. *Watch.* Nay he shall be put into safe keeping, for my wife shall take charge of him.

Enter Alphonso in the Orators clothes.

Me. 'Tis well devisd, see where he comes,
He may not see my presence, thinke upon't,
Your charge is trusty, and of mighty waight.
Farewell. *Exit Meshant.*

1. *Watch.* Feare not: come my hearts, compasse him about, and ceaze on him all at once, like so many Ravens on a dead horse.

Alp. Now an eternall sleepe, an apoplex, a swound
Ceaze on their senses, who in this disguise
Shall view or note my vile deformitie.
I was bewitcht with spels to my misfortune:
Or else starre-crost with some hagges hellishnesse.
Sure I said my prayers, ris'd on my right side,
Wash't hands and eyes, put on my girdle last;
Sure I met no splea-footed baker,
No Hare did crosse me, nor no bearded witch
Nor other ominous signe. O then why
Should I be thus damn'd in the divels nets?
I'st possible? this habit that I weare
Should become any man? now of my soule,
I loath to see my selfe, and willingly
I would even vomit at my countenance,

1. *Watch.* Stand sir, we arrest you.

Alph. Arrest me, why I injure no man but my selfe.

2. *Watch.* You are the more unkind, hee that wrongs himselfe, will not sticke to wrong the whole world also.

1. *Watch.* Nay ſtrive not, for wee arreſt you by vertue of the Kings commiſsion.

Alph. Well my maſters be carefull, you may miſtake me.

2. *Watch.* Indeed it is no maruell you are ſo like other men.

Alp. Indeed at this time, I am hardly like one of Gods making.

1. *Watch.* Faith and I am ſure you are no man of a good Tailors making, you are but piec'd worke.

Alp. Well, yet I may hap to prove a noble man.

2. *Watch.* A whoremaſter or an unthrift, away with him, and let no man catechiſe him upon paine of my diſpleaſure. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Epyre alone.

Epy. Roule on the chariot wheeles of my deare plots,
And beare mine ends to their deſired markes:
As yet theres not a rub of wit, a gulfe of thought,
No rocky miſconſtruction, thorny amaze,
Or other let of any doubtfullneſſe:
As yet thy way is ſmooth and plaine,
Like the greene Ocean in a ſilent calme.
Bleſſed credulitie, thou great God of error,
That art the ſtrong foundation of huge wrongs,
To thee give I my vowes and ſacrifice,
By thy great deitie he doth beleeve
Falſhoods, that falſhoods ſelfe could not invent,
And from that misbeliefe doth draw a courſe
To overwhelme even vertue, trueth and ſanctitie,
Let him goe on bleſt ſtarres, 'tis meete he fall,
Whoſe blindfold iudgement hath no guide at all.
But ô theſe ſhaddowes have bewitched long,
To threat and not to doe, doth malice wrong.
And ſee here comes the Queene.

Enter the Queene, Mariana, and other Ladies.

Qu. My Lord the Duke, your preſence and my wiſh
Iumpe in an even line together: come we muſt to cards,
I haue ſome crownes I needes muſt looſe to you.

Epy. I humbly beſeech your highneſſe pardon me,

I have

I have important buſineſſe of the Kings,
Which doth command mine inſtant diligence.

Ma. Brother indeede you ſhall attend the Queene,
Another time will ſerve thoſe ſtate diſpatches.

Epy. Sifter content you, the affaires of ſtate
Muſt giue their beſt attendance on the times,
And great occurrents muſt not loſe their minutes.

Ma. Now ile ſtand to it, that to bee a ſtates-man or a lawier, is to be of the moſt thankeleſſe occupation that ever was deriu'd from humane invention.

Qu. Why I pray thee wench?

Ma. Becauſe they beſtow all the laborious toile of the minde untill they be fortie, that they may liue impriſoned in a ſtudy chamber till they bee foureſcore, onely this worlds Mammon, which is great name and riches, like a ſtring betweene a gallie ſlaves legges, is the onely eaſe of their fetters.

Qu. A notable conſtruction of a noble labor: but ſhall wee not haue your companie my Lord?

Epy. My ſervice Madame, but my preſence the King hath imploid, only if you pleaſe, I wil ſend Prince *Philocles* to your Maieſtie.

Qu. No creature better for his skill in play,
Is equall with our knowledge, good my Lord,
Send him to my privie chamber preſently.

Exit Queene and Mariana. *Enter Philocles.*

Epy. I will, and ſend affliction after him,
And ſee where hee comes, My Lord your preſence hath
Saved me much labour, and a little care,
I was in queſt for your faire companie:
The Queene my Lord intreats you earneſtly
You wil attend her in her privie chamber.

Phi. Vnto what end?

Epy. Onely to waſte ſome time at cardes with her,
The laſie howers ſticke heavy on her thoughts,
Which ſhee would looſe with ſome forgetfulneſſe.

Phi. Faith and play nere reliſht worſe within my thoughts,
I know not how, but loaden heavineſſe

1. *Watch.* Nay ſtrive not, for wee arreſt you by vertue of the Kings commiſsion.

Alph. Well my maſters be carefull, you may miſtake me.

2. *Watch.* Indeed it is no maruell you are ſo like other men.

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That art the ſtrong foundation of huge wrongs,
To thee give I my vowes and ſacrifice,
By thy great deitie he doth beleeve
Falſhoods, that falſhoods ſelfe could not invent,
And from that misbeliefe doth draw a courſe
To overwhelme even vertue, trueth and ſanctitie,
Let him goe on bleſt ſtarres, 'tis meete he fall,
Whoſe blindfold iudgement hath no guide at all.
But ô theſe ſhaddowes have bewitched long,
To threat and not to doe, doth malice wrong.
And ſee here comes the Queene.

Enter the Queene, Mariana, and other Ladies.

Qu. My Lord the Duke, your preſence and my wiſh
Iumpe in an even line together: come we muſt to cards,
I haue ſome crownes I needes muſt looſe to you.

Epy. I humbly beſeech your highneſſe pardon me,

I have

I have important buſineſſe of the Kings,
Which doth command mine inſtant diligence.

Ma. Brother indeede you ſhall attend the Queene,
Another time will ſerve thoſe ſtate diſpatches.

Epy. Siſter content you, the affaires of ſtate
Muſt giue their beſt attendance on the times,
And great occurrents muſt not loſe their minutes.

Ma. Now ile ſtand to it, that to bee a ſtates-man or a lawier, is to be of the moſt thankeleſſe occupation that ever was deriu'd from humane invention.

Qu. Why I pray thee wench?

Ma. Becauſe they beſtow all the laborious toile of the minde untill they be fortie, that they may liue impriſoned in a ſtudy chamber till they bee foureſcore, onely this worlds Mammon, which is great name and riches, like a ſtring betweene a gallie ſlaves legges, is the onely eaſe of their fetters.

Qu. A notable conſtruction of a noble labor: but ſhall wee not haue your companie my Lord?

Epy. My ſervice Madame, but my preſence the King hath imploid, only if you pleaſe, I wil ſend Prince *Philocles* to your Maieſtie.

Qu. No creature better for his skill in play,
Is equall with our knowledge, good my Lord,
Send him to my privie chamber preſently.

Exit Queene and Mariana. *Enter Philocles.*

Epy. I will, and ſend affliction after him,
And ſee where hee comes, My Lord your preſence hath
Saved me much labour, and a little care,
I was in queſt for your faire companie:
The Queene my Lord intreats you earneſtly
You wil attend her in her privie chamber.

Phi. Vnto what end?

Epy. Onely to waſte ſome time at cardes with her,
The laſie howers ſticke heavy on her thoughts,
Which ſhee would looſe with ſome forgetfulneſſe.

Phi. Faith and play nere reliſht worſe within my thoughts,
I know not how, but loaden heavineſſe

Drawes me to be in love with melancholy.

Epy. The fitter for you with more light ſports
To chace that blood-conſumer from your breſt,
Who with a hony poiſon doth devoure,
And kill the very life of livelihood.

Phi. Tis true, and therefore ſhall your counſaile tutor me,
Where is her Maieſty?

Epy. Gone to her privie chamber, where ſhe doth expect you.

Phi I will attend her preſently. *Exit Phi.*

Fpy. Do, and I will attend thee to thy grave,
Poore ſhallow Lord, by much too vertuous.
Hoe, who's within there? *Enter Florio.*

Flo. Your graces pleaſure.

Epy. Goe tell his Maieſtie that I muſt ſpeake with him.

Flo. I goe.

Enter aloft to cardes the Queene and Philocles.

Qu. Come my Lord take your place, here are cards, and here are my crownes.

Phi. And here are mine, at what game will your Maieſty play?

Qu. At mount ſaint.

Phi. A royall game, and worthy of the name,
And meeteſt even for Saints to exerciſe:
Sure it was of a womans firſt invention.

Qu. It is not Saint, but Cent, taken from hundreds,

Phi. True, for 'mongſt millions hardly is found one Saint,

Qu. Indeed you may allow a double game,
But come lift for the dealing, it is my chance to deale.

Phi. An action moſt, moſt proper to your ſexe.

Enter Cypres.

Cy. How now my waking dragon, thou whoſe eies
Do never fall or cloſe through Lethean ſleep,
What is there a *Hercules* that dare to touch,
Or enter the *Heſperian* Roſaries?

Epy. Speake ſoftly gentle Lord, behold, behold
The ſillie birds are tangled in your ſnare,

And have no way to ſcape your puniſhment:
See how her eyes doe court him, and his lookes pay to her
Love a double intereſt, fie fie, they are too blame.
Qu. What are you my Lord?
Phi Your highnes ſervant, but misfortunes ſlave.
Qu. Your game I meane.
Phi. Nothing in ſhow, yet ſomevvhat in account,
Madame I am blanke.
Qu. You are a double game, and I am no leſſe, theres an hundred, and all cards made but one knave.
Epy. Marke that, of my life ſhe meanes your Maieſty.
Cy. True, I know ſhe holds mee as her varlet,
And that I am imperfit in her game,
But my revenge ſhall give me better place,
Beyond the hate of her foule impudence.
Epy. Nay good my Lord obſerue, they will confirme you better,
Qu Whats your game now?
Phi. Foure Kings as I imagine.
Qu. Nay I have two, yet one doth me little good.
Phi. Indeede mine are two Queenes, and one Ile throw away.
Epy. Doth your Maieſty marke that?
You are the King that ſhee is weary of,
And my ſiſter the Queene that he will caſt away.
Phi. Can you decard Madame?
Qu. Hardly, but I muſt doe hurt.
Phi. But ſpare not any to confirme your game.
Epy. Would you have more plaine proofe of their foule treaſon?
They doe not plot your Highnes death alone.
Cy. But others which they thinke depend on mee.
Epy. My ſelfe and thoſe which doe you ſervices,
They are bloody minded, yet for my ſelfe,
Were it not for your ſafetie, I could vviſh
You would remit and blot theſe errors out;
In hope that time would bring them to more vertue.
Cy. O then thou didſt not love me, nor thy faith
Tooke hold upon my ſcandals, fie I am mad,
Sham'd and diſgrac't, all wit-ſtung, wiſedomleſſe.

Within there ho?

Enter Florio.

Flo. Did your Majestie call?

Cy. Go instantly: (nay doe not looke sad or pale,
Neither dispute with mee nor with thy thoughts:
But as thou lou'st thy life, effect my vvill)
Call all my guard, ascend the Queenes privie chamber,
And in my name, arrest her and Prince *Philocles* of treason
Make no delay, but in thy diligence
Shew hovv thou dost respect me, arrested once,
Convey them unto straitest prison: avvay.

Exit Florio.

For you my Lord goe instantlie prepare,
And summon all the Princes of our land
Vnto an instant Parliament, where wee
Will have them both condemn'd immediatlie,
Without their answvers, plaints or pitiousnesse.
Since vvomens teares doe blunt revenges sword,
I vvill not see, nor heare them speake one word. *Ex. Cy. Epy.*

Enter Florio and a guard aloft to the Queene and Philocles.

Flo. Madame and Prince *Philocles*, in the Kings name I arrest you both of high treason.

Phi. He lies that saith I ever knew the vvord.

Qu. I pray thee do not affright me gentle Lord,
Thy words doe carrie death even in their sound.

Flo. Madame, I am most sorrie tis my fortune,
But vvhat I doe is by the Kings commission.

Qu. Whence is that warrant grounded, or whats our treason?

Flo. I am his instrument, but not his counsellour.

Qu. Witnesse my teares that I am innocent.

Phi. Madam be patient, that we doe not know,
Wee have no cause to grieve at, as for envies toile,
Let her euen breake her owne gall with desire,
Our innocence is our prevention.

Be cheerefull Madam, tis but ſome villains ſound,
Made onelie to amaze, not to confound.
And what muſt wee doe my Lord ?
Flo. To priſon are the words of my commiſsion.
Phi. Then lead the way, hee hath of griefe no ſenſe,
Whoſe conſcience doth not know of his offence.

Act. 5. Sce. 1. Muſicke.

Enter at one doore Epyre, at another Mariana.

Epyre.

HOw novv mad ſiſter, your deare love is condemn'd,
A ſweete Adulterer.
Ma. How, condem'nd before their triall ?
Epy. No, they were condemn'd by act of Parliament.
Ma. I doe not hold thee brother for a man,
For it is reaſonleſſe to mocke calamitie,
If he die innocent, thrice happie ſoule ;
If guiltie, vveepe that man ſhould ſo tranſgreſſe :
Nature of reaſon thus much doth importune,
Man ſhould partake in griefe with mans misfortune.
Epy. For him, if ere mine eies vveep, may they drop out,
And leave my bodie blinder then my ſenſe :
Pittie my foe, the ruine of my houſe,
My valours ſcandall, and mine honours poiſon,
No let him fall, for blood muſt ſtill quench luſt,
Law hath condemn'd him, then his death is iuſt.
Ma. Spit out that monſter envie, it corrupts you,
And mildly heare me anſwere for my love,
What did he gainſt you was not honorable,
Which you gainſt him would not have gladly done ?
Will you hate him for acting your owne thoughts ?
Can it be ill in him, yet good in you ?
Let reaſon waigh this difference, then youle find
His honour poizes downe his infamie.
Epy. Canſt thou love him that brought thee to thy death ?

Ma. No like a God he made mee with his breath.
Epy. Did he not win thy love and then reiect thee?
Ma. His honor, not his love doth now neglect me.
Epy, Fond maid thy foolish dotage doth mistake him.
Ma, Hell shall have mercie ere I will forsake him.
Epy. Farewell then sister, friend to my greatest foe,
Revenge strikes home, being ended with one blow.
Exit Epy.

Ma. Prevention thou best midwife to misfortune,
Vnfold this vgly monsters treachery,
And let his birth be ominous strooke dead,
Ere it have being in this open world;
Loves commands nature, brother pardon me,
Thine envy dies by my loves liberty,
Invention (heart of wit) possesse my braine,
For treason is to treason her owne bane.
And you bright heavens, now aid me in my plots,
That truth may shine through falshoods leprous spots,
My life Ile hazard to redeeme my love,
Firme constancy like rocks can never move.
Be bold then maiden-heart in his defence,
He saved thy life, thy life's his recompence,
My wit and hopes have furnisht me with all
The helpes of art, to bring forth treasons fall.
Now to the meanes: some say that gold hath power,
To enter without force a gatelesse tower;
And Ile trie that, which if it take fast hold,
Ile never blame them more that doate on gold,
Hoe, whose within there?
Enter Gaoler,

Ga. Who calles, what would you have? I thought you were a woman you were so hasty: O Madame is it you? I cry you mercie.
Ma. My griefe speakes loud sir, and my swift desire
Ore rules my tongue, makes it keepe time with thought,
I long to see a prisoner in this ill-built house.
Ga. What prisoner Madam?
Ma. The worthy Prince: the famous *Philocles.*
Ga. Madam I dare not, without especiall warrant.

Ma. I have my brothers ſtrong commiſsion, hold there is gold.

Ga. This golden calfe is an excellent Idol, & few of my profeſsion but ſerves it, this dumbe god gives tongue to all men, wit to all men, honor to any man, but honeſty to no man: and therfore as for honeſty I meane not to deale with ſo deare a commoditie, but leave it to my better: Madam thoſe ſtaires direct you to his lodging.

Ma. I thanke you ſir. *Exit Mariana.*

Ga. This is a worthy Lady to give thus much for the bare ſight of a man in affliction, if he were at liberty it were nothing: but being as it is, it is moſt bountiful, but it may be it is for the paſt houres of former recreations, wel let it be what it ſhal be, I am ſure it was not that I ſhould hold this diſputation: but ſee here ſhe comes againe.

Enter Philocles in Marianaes attire, and Mariana in his.

Phi. Madame my ſoule cannot conſent to leave
Your life in this great hazard, nor can death
Carrie ſuch ugly ſhape, as doth the thought
That you are left in this extremity:
Indeed I will not leave you. (ſpirit

Ma. Will you grow mad? what ſhall your nobler
Which is the ſchoole of wiſedome grow ſo fond,
As to revolt from all our happineſſe?
Our plots you know, and how to manage cares,
Whoſe true events have true proportions,
Then deare Lord reſt reſolv'd, the Gailer over-heares:
Live you with ſafety, moſt worthy maid farewell.

Phi. Farewel faire Prince, thanks M. Iayler, & a kind commend.

Ga. As much unto your Ladiſhip. So now Ile locke my dores.

Exit. Mar. Phi. and Gailer.

Enter Cypres, Meſhant, Florio, and attendants.

Cy. Is our commiſsion, as we gave in charge,
Delivered ore to the Corrigidors?

Me. It is, and with ſuch ſtrictneſſe and advice,
For ſpeedy execution of the ſame,
That by this time I know they are in the way

Vnto their execution, for the howver
Of death doth runne upon his lateſt minutes.
Cy. Tis vvell: for till their ſhameleſſe lives have end
There can no comfort creepe into my thoughts,
Or ought ſave miſchiefe keepe me companie.
Why was I borue to this malignitie
And lowneſſe of baſe fortune? yet my place
Aboue the levell of the vulgars ſight,
O 'tis but to let me know thus much,
That thoſe which lie within the richeſt graves
Were at the beſt but fortunes glorious ſlaves.
But ſee, here comes my ſhame.

Enter Corrigidors, Queene, and Philocles bound, and a guard of halberts with the executioner.

Qu. My deareſt Lord.
Cy. Paſſe and reſpect me not laſcivious woman,
Thy teares are of the ſpeares of Crocodils,
See how I ſtop mine eares againſt thy plaints,
And glue mine underſtanding from thy charmes,
Nay call on him thou haſt offended moſt,
Mercie from me were worſe then crueltie.
Qu. My deareſt dread, my beſt beſt Soveraigne,
Whom I have nere offended but with zeale
And conſtant loue, loyal and honorable,
Vouchſafe me though a Queene a ſubiects right,
And let me know for what offence I periſh.
Cyp. For thine adulterate and monſtrous luſt,
Shamefull and groſſe and moſt vnſufferable.
Qu. Who doth accuſe vs?
Cyp. Our ſelf, and our owne ſoule that haue beheld
your vile and moſt laſciuious paſſages.
Ma. O that my tongue would not betray my knowledge
Then would I amaze them all with mine aſſertions:
Madame, challenge the Law.
Qu. My gracious Lord, ſince no deſert in me,
Can merit your beliefe, nor that your eie

Can rightlie iudge my pure complexion:
Yet as your handmaid let me beg the right,
Due unto wretches from our countries lawes.
Cyp. The tenure of the law you doe demand.
Qu. That in the caſe of ſlander, where the proofe
Proceeds as much from envie as from truth,
We are allow'd our champions to defend
Our innocence, with a well ordered ſword.
Cyp. I lookt for this o' iection and allow it,
Nor am I unprovided for your beſt
And ſtrongeſt hope in any victorie, Lords attend on my champion.

Here the noble men goe foorth, and bring in the Duke of Epyre like a combatant.

Qu. Will you my Lord approve the Kings aſſertion?
Epy. Madame, although againſt the nature of my ſpirit,
And my firſt dutie, bound to your allegeance,
Yet now compel'd by dutie and by trueth,
I muſt of force become your oppoſite.
Qu. Thou art no true Italian, nor true Gentleman,
Thus to confound the glory of thy iudgement.
Hath not that arme which now is arm'd againſt me
That valour, ſpirit, iudgement and that worth,
Which onely makes you worthy, ſtood t'approve
More then my ſelfe will challenge to my vertues?
And are you now baſely turn'd retrograde?
Well, I perceive ther's nought in you but ſpleene,
And times obſervance, ſtill to hold the beſt:
Still I demand the Law.
Cyp. And you ſhal have it in the ampleſt manner. *Sound Cornets.*

Here the Cornets ſound thrice, and at the third ſound enters Philocles diſguiſed like a combatant.

Flo. Thereis a combatant on the defendants part, your Maieſties (pleaſure.
Cyp. Give him his oath according to the lawes.
Flo. Are the faire ends of this your warlike poſture,
To prove the innocence of theſe two condemn'd?

So helpe you *love*.

Phi. They are.

Cy. Then give the vvarlike ſignall to the fight.

Here the combat being fought, Philocles overcomes the Duke.

Phi. Thou art my ſlave, either confeſſe or die.

Epi. Didſt thou ſpeake true, I would not ſound a word
To ſave the world from cinders; yet that thou maieſt
With more reſolved fury murder me,
This I confeſſe, 'twas I that onely ſtir'd,
Out of ſtrong falſhoods hate and iealouſie
The Kings eternall wrath, and made him thinke
Vntruths, that even untruth would not ſuggeſt:
And all my malice ſprung from that Prince *Philocles*.

Phi. No 'twas from me that ſtill am *Philocles*.

Cy. My *Philocles*, my Queen, O double pardon me,
My iealouſie, his envy, and your vertues
Are ſprung from ſuch impatient contraries,
I cannot reconcile them; yet O pardon me:
My faith in life ſhall make you recompence:
For thee rare *Mariana*, thou haſt wrought
A worke of noble conſtant magnitude.
As for this monſter, this my tempting divell,
Whoſe forfait life is witneſſe to his ſhame:
I give his life and fortunes to the Queene,
She whom his malice would have brought to death,
Shall now be judge and jurer of his breath.

Ma. In vvhich commiſſion, (Madam) let it be inrold
He is my brother and my beſt of blood.

Qu. And onely that is charter for his life:
Live envious Lord, more envious then th'art great,
Live to lament thy worſt of wretchedneſſe,
Live to repent, ſince this I certaine know:
Thine owne gald conſcience will be thy worſt woe.

Enter a guard of Watchmen with Alphonſo.

1. *Watch.* Come bring him avvay, thruſt him forward, though

favour

favour and a great purſe vvere againſt him.

Cyp. How novv, vvhat tumult have vve there?

2. *Watch.* And it pleaſe your Maieſty, we have brought you here a ſlip, a piece of falſe coine: one that is neither ſtampt with true coin for his excuſe, nor with good clothes for his redemption.

Cy. Alphonſo, in the name of madnes how comes this *Metamorphoſis*? nay ſtand forth, diſcourſe, if thou doſt lie thou art mine enemy.

Me. Nay more, if thou ſticke in any bogge, and by a tricke ſeek to wind out, I will diſcover you.

Alp. This coniuration (beleeve it my Lord) ſhall make mee leape out of all fetters, and briefly thus, I have long time loved the faire wife of the Orator; and having no opportunity but his abſence at the Senate, I tooke that ſeaſon: he out of negligence, omitting his papers, return'd unſeaſonably, found me inſufficiently, and forc't me to take ſanctuary ſtraugely, wnich how ever I purchaſt, yet hee found mine apparell, and miſtaken in the tenure, reacht it preſently, put it on immediatly: and novv in the Senate houſe is pleading in it ſeriouſly.

Cy. I cannot blame him you having got ſo much within his invvard garment.

Me. Of all which my Lord, I being (in a ſtrict conceit) a bavvdy witneſſe: and having both from the Orators ſcornes and delaies received many indignities; though by this diſcovery to cry quittance with my proud enemy.

Cyp. And you have amply done, yet this ieſt,
So perfit doth deſerve more memory.
Florio, goe bid the Orator attend us preſently. *Exit Florio.*
And novv to you *Drap* and *Veloups*, I did
Referre you long ſince to the Orator.
Yet I note your attention: come there is
Some too cloſe fiſted hardneſſe in your hearts,
You gripe too hard, your bribes vvill not diſburſe,
Come tell me truely, as you looke for heaven,
What muſt you pay for your diſpatches?

Dra. Ve. A thouſand crownes we offred willingly.

Cyp. And will your ſuit auaile with ſuch diſburſement?

Dra. Ve. It will, and we moſt richly ſatisfied.

Cyp. We will see the busineſſe perfited.

Dra. Ve. With all our hearts, and be full ioy'd thereat, here are the crownes.

Cyp. You ſhall have your diſpatches.

Enter Prate and Florio.

See here comes the Orator, *Prate* come hither,
Theſe Gentlemen whom long ſince I refer'd
To your diſpatches, are yet unſatisfied.

Prate. Alas my Lord the ſtate.

Cyp. I know imploies you, yet theres many minutes,
May give your beſt cares leaſure; come there is
Some odde disburſe, ſome bribe, ſome gratulance,
Which makes you locke up leaſure, come tell true,
What bribe muſt they giue, what is your vtmoſt price?

Pra. But five hundred crownes of my beſt conſcience.

Cyp. Tut it is nothing, hold, heres the coine,
And let them have their pattents preſently:
Or looke to looſe both place and ſoveraigntie.

Prat. Legions of divells haunt their diligence.

Cyp. Fie, I would not have a man of your high place,
Or for reſpect of wealth or baſe obſervance,
In ſmalleſt things thus to neglect your credit. (ranke,
Why looke you my Lords, this Orator is not like others of his
Who from their gainiſh and fantaſtike humours,
Goe thorow the ſtreets, ſpotted in peacocks plumes,
Wearing all colours, laces, broideries,
Sattins and ſilkes, ſo antike garniſhed,
That when their gownes are off, you cannot finde
In Italie a Maſter ſhapt more nice.
But this fellow *Prate*, heres of a nother ſort,
Cloth'd like himſelfe, demure and ſoberly:
Nay you ſhall ſee him for a preſident. *Vngownes the Orator.*
Paſſion of mine eie-ſight, who have we here?
This is *Alphonſo*, theres the Orator.

Pra. Heart of impatience, I am then a Cuckold,
A ſcorne, a by-word and a laughing ſtocke.
What is my wife turn'd whore? and muſt her depth

Be ſounded by the plumes of forrainers?
Well, the reuenge that I will take for this my ſhame,
Shall make all whores hereafter dread my name.
Cyp. Not for thy life, not for my loue I charge thee:
Thy wife is honeſt chaſt and vertuous:
Onely this wanton Lord, with luſt and coine
Hath much attempted, but prevail'd in nought,
For proofe ſee here the crownes he would have given
T'have purchas'd her beds honour, but ſhee would not,
Which I beſtow on you for recompence.
Therefore as thou doſt hope my grace to finde,
So to thy wife, be loving, gentle, kind.
Prat. Your Maieſtie may mold me to your pleaſure.
Cyp. I thanke you and will quittance it.
Now *Meſhant*, we reſtore you to your lands,
Your honours and neere places, next our ſelfe,
To all that feele diſtaſte in any ſore,
We giue to cure them all our grace and favour.
Thus ſtormes bring gentle ſun-ſhine, and our hands,
May after ſhip-wracke bring us to ſafe lands.

FINIS.